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FROM BEGINNING
Vol COXXXVIII.

PERSONALIA: POLITICAL, SOCIAL AND VARIOUS.

II. LAWYERS.

My first introduction to the majesty of the Law was somewhere about the year of the Indian Mutiny, when as an urchin I was taken by my mother to the Croydon Assizes, where we occupied seats on the bench as the guests of Chief Baron Pollock, who was the presiding judge. Inasmuch as the Chief Baron was born as far back as 1783, had taken his degree as Senior Wrangler within a few days of Mr. Pitt's death, and was called to the Bar in the following year, 1807, this visit to Croydon constitutes one of my most interesting links with the past. The old judge, with his deeply lined face and stately bearing, struck me as profoundly impressive, and in aspect as a far greater dignitary than any of his judicial successors whom I chanced to see in later years. He in truth belonged to a school of legal magnates which, on his retirement in 1866, became practically extinct, though to some extent it was represented by such judges as the late Lords Bramwell and Blackburne. As every one knows, the Chief Baron was the son of King George the Third's saddler, a highly respected Royal

Warrant-holder, who had good reason to be proud of his progeny, for another son became an Indian Chief Justice, while a third was the distinguished Field-Marshal. The latter I remember once seeing on some gala day at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, when Sir John Fox Burgoyne (the son of the general who surrendered in the American War) was also present, and a more weather-beaten pair of old warriors I have never beheld. But the Chief Baron was, I believe, always considered the ablest of the three brothers; at all events he was the most versatile, for besides being an eminent lawyer he was no mean scientist, and a frequent contributor to the Transactions of the Royal Society almost to the day of his death. On the occasion when I was his juvenile guest at the Croydon Assizes the first case he tried was, I fancy, a commercial one, in which I remember Mr., afterwards Chief-Justice, Bovill took a leading part, much to the gratification of his venerable mother, who was also an occupant of the Bench. Then followed a "horse" case, which turned, I imagine, on a question of "warranty," for I recollect what Mr. Fox used to call the "damnable itera-

tion" of that word by the various counsel engaged. One of them, with a peculiarly vulgar, revolting face, had caused some amusement in court by getting wedged with a learned brother in a narrow gangway leading to the front row of the Bar. However, in spite of his corpulence, he contrived to squeeze himself triumphantly through to the array of "silks," among whom he took his seat with an oily and peculiarly impudent smile.

Even the dignity derived from his forensic attire was largely discounted by an extremely "loud" pair of black-and-white check trousers, which prominently obtruded themselves as he rose to address the court. "Who is that unpleasant looking barrister?" inquired my mother, *sotte voce*, of the Chief Baron, as this ornament of the Inner Bar began to harangue the jury with the voice and demeanor of a Smithfield butcher. "That," replied the judge, in a subdued tone of supreme disdain, "is Edwin James." Great heavens! how he bellowed, and brandished, and buttered the jury, and "my Lud-ded" the judge, every now and again glancing leeringly round the court for admiration from the bystanders, who appeared to regard him as a veritable oracle! But to a child like myself he presented an element of odiousness which for a long time prejudiced me against every one connected with his particular vocation.

Edwin James is a name of little significance nowadays, nevertheless his career is unparalleled in the annals of English advocacy. An outcast from his father's house before he was twenty, he perceived in the Central Criminal Court a promising market for his master-talent, matchless and indomitable effrontery. In these days, even if successful in his own line of practice, an advocate of such an order would find the prizes of the profession relentlessly withheld from him; but I

have heard on unimpeachable authority that when the crash came which culminated in the revocation of his patent as Queen's Counsel and his expulsion from the Bar, the high office of Solicitor-General was actually within Edwin James's reach. As M.P. for so important a constituency as Marylebone, he had no doubt established claims on the Liberal Government, which he was the last man not to urge in and out of season; but even if the appointment had been made, it would have raised such a clamor of protest from the majority of the Bar that the Government would probably have found it advisable to withdraw it. "Unprofessional conduct" was the immediate cause of James's downfall, but he must have long been looked upon with suspicion by the Benchers of his Inn, for, almost contrary to all precedent, on his obtaining "silk" they refused to elect him a Bencher. Nowadays the number of "silks" is so largely increased that the non-election to the Inn Bench of a newly created King's Counsel conveys no sort of reflection; but at that time it was otherwise, and the only similar instance of exclusion was that of Abraham Hayward, which however was solely due to the personal animosity of Mr. Roebuck, and implied no disapprobation of the candidate's professional conduct.

It has always been a mystery how Edwin James got into those pecuniary difficulties which were the cause of his professional irregularities. His practice, though not of the first magnitude, had latterly amounted to quite £7000 a year; and his personal habits, as Thackeray pointed out in one of the "Roundabout Papers," were apparently the reverse of extravagant. He certainly lived in Berkeley Square, but the house was a small one, and well within his professional income. Either he gambled recklessly, or had to

meet some persistent drain upon his resources which never came before the eyes of the world. Sir Thomas Lawrence, though avoiding a similar disgrace, presented very much the same enigma. In the receipt of princely gains from his portraits, and with no outwardly lavish expenditure, he astonished society by dying practically insolvent. I remember two characteristic stories of Edwin James's consummate impudence. At one time he lived in some West End chambers, of which the unfortunate landlord could never succeed in obtaining any rent. At last he had recourse to an expedient which he hoped might arouse his tenant to a sense of his obligations. He asked him if he would be kind enough to advise him on a little legal matter in which he was concerned, and, on James acquiescing, drew up a statement specifying his own grievance against the learned counsel, and asking him to state what he considered the best course for a landlord to take under such conditions. The paper was returned to him the next morning with the following sentence subjoined: "In my opinion this is a case which admits of only one remedy: patience. Edwin James."

The other story is indicative of his methods in court. He was engaged in some case before Lord Chief-Justice Campbell, and in attempting to take an altogether inadmissible line with a witness, was stopped by the judge, who was the last man to allow any irregularities in the conduct of a case. James accepted Lord Campbell's interposition with a very ill grace, and the judge being of the same political party, took the opportunity, when summing up, of rather softening the remarks he had found it necessary to make in reference to James's "try on." "You will have observed, gentlemen," he said to the jury, "that I felt it my duty to stop Mr. Edwin James in a

certain line which he sought to adopt in the cross-examination of one of the witnesses, but at the same time I had no intention to cast any reflection on the learned counsel, who I am sure is known to you all as a most able—" Before the judge could proceed any further James started to his feet, and in a voice of contemptuous defiance exclaimed, "My Lud! I have borne with your Ludship's censure, spare me your Ludship's praise!"

After being disbarred, Edwin James retreated to America, and before the facts could be properly ascertained by the authorities there, managed to get called to the New York Bar. But somehow or other he proved a complete failure, and before long returned to England, where he made a determined attempt to get his decree of "disbarral" rescinded by the Inns of Court. His efforts, however, were fruitless, the array of professional delinquencies that could be established against him being far too formidable, and he then became for a time common-law clerk to some Old Bailey solicitor; but not prospering in that capacity, he finally took a room in Old Bond Street, where he invited the public to consult him on legal matters, by means of a white marble tablet in the doorway on which he pompously described himself as "Mr. Edwin James, Jurisconsult." But this resource also failed. Even had he been a competent lawyer, his clients would probably have not been too numerous; but, in point of fact, his legal attainments were of the slightest, "common jury-rhetoric" having been his main forensic stock-in-trade, any law that his case might involve being got up as necessity demanded, merely to serve the particular occasion. I saw him once emerging from his Bond Street lair, seedy, ill-shaven, sodden-faced, in a coat in which rusty brown had almost supplanted the original black, and

a hat of that greasy sheen peculiar to the head-gear of the old-fashioned sheriff's officer. Poor wretch! the curtain was then about to fall on his tragedy, for such, surely, his life must have been even at its apparent heyday. Very soon afterwards he died almost a pauper's death, pointing a moral such as happily few public men have ever supplied—at all events, in this country.

But to revert to Chief Baron Pollock. At the midday adjournment of the court, he entertained us at luncheon at the Judge's lodgings, a repast which is impressed on my memory by rather a ludicrous incident. In those days claret was still a negligible quantity, at any rate in old-fashioned cellars, the staple vintages being almost invariably port and sherry. Whether the Chief Baron's libations of port in his Northern Circuit days had sated him with that beverage I cannot say, but at the time of which I am writing he had become a great patron and connoisseur of sherry, and on the dining-room side-board was ranged, I remember, a long and imposing row of decanters, each representing some choice example of his favorite wine. My mother, however, had forgotten, or was unaware of, her host's hobby, and in response to his inquiry, "Which wine will you take?" (meaning Amontillado, or Solera, or Vino de Pasto, and so forth) she unluckily expressed a preference for port! "I am afraid," replied the judge, with just a suspicion of polite irony, "that port is a wine with which I am wholly unprovided, though I can offer you every kind of sherry." My poor mother, to whom wine of any sort was really a matter of supreme indifference, was covered with confusion, and attempted to atone for her blunder by enthusiastically declaring for cold water! With reference to connoisseurship of wine, I will venture, *en passant*, on two little anecdotes which are in-

structive in their way. Not long ago I was staying in a country house, the host of which was possessed of an extremely *recherché* cellar. It was about Christmas-time, and he good-naturedly decided to entertain some of his less affluent neighbors who were not much given to feasting, among them the elderly unmarried daughters of a deceased clergyman. At dessert the butler, with an inflection of compassionate condescension in his pompous voice, accosted one of these good ladies, who was my dinner neighbor, with the formidable interrogation: "Port, sherry, claret, or Madeira?" The embarrassed guest, whose aspect suggested weak negus as the acme of her alconolic aspirations, replied, after a moment of tremulous deliberation, "A little Marsala, please." Fortunately the answer did not reach our host's ears, but the indignant butler had considerable difficulty in controlling himself. However, with a supreme effort he swallowed his ire, and, disdaining to offer any explanation, merely repeated with aggrieved emphasis the solemn formula, "Port, sherry, claret, or Madeira?" The terrorized spinster could only gurgle something which her tormentor took for a refusal, and he stalked on in offended majesty, casting a reproachful glance at his master for exposing him to the affronts of local Philistines.

The other anecdote is commended to would-be judges of '47 port! On the outskirts of a small country village there lived an old bachelor who, like Chief Baron Pollock, had in his later days forsaken the vintage of his youth for wines of a lighter quality. He had formerly been a north country merchant or manufacturer, but on relinquishing business had migrated to a southern county. Some years after his retirement he received, one afternoon, an intimation from some old business friends that they were in his neighbor-

hood and should take the liberty of presenting themselves at dinner. He immediately sent for his butler and apprised him of the coming guests, desiring him to be very particular about the wine, as they were great connoisseurs who in former days had always accorded the highest praise to his cellar. "Very good, sir," said the butler; "but what are we to do about port? there is not a bottle in the cellar." "I had forgotten the port," said the host in consternation; "and now I think of it, they used, like me, to be great port drinkers. What is to be done?" "Well, sir," replied the butler, "there is not time to send to —," naming the county town, "but I think I might be able to borrow a bottle from Squire X's cellar." The Squire being a great "layer-down" of vintage port, the host felt considerably reassured, and wrote a short note explaining the circumstances, which the butler was to take over to the Squire's house, at no great distance. Various engagements prevented him from seeing his butler again before dinner, but he felt complete confidence in Squire X's cellar, and consequently heard without the least trepidation both of his guests pronouncing for port as their post-prandial libation. "Ah," exclaimed one of them, with an expression of discriminating gusto, as, after holding his glass up to the light, he took his first sip, "I see that your port maintains its old reputation." "More than maintains it," observed the other in a long-drawn tone of supreme satisfaction. "You had good port in the old days, but this beats it hollow. There is only one word for it, 'superb'—47, I suppose?" "I believe so," carelessly remarked the host, "but I have given up drinking port myself; still, I like to have a tolerable glass for my friends." The bottle was finished amid increased encomiums, and in due course the guests departed.

"Did the Squire send any note with that port, Watkins?" inquired the host of his butler the next morning. "I am glad it turned out so well."

"So am I, sir," observed the butler with a curious twinkle in his eye, "though it was none of the Squire's after all."

"Not the Squire's?" rejoined his master; "where did it come from then?"

"It came from the 'Spotted Dog,' sir," replied the man triumphantly, naming the village "public." "The Squire had gone up to London till Monday, and they couldn't get at the cellar; but gentlemen as drinks port ain't always the judges they think they are, so I just chanced it, and on my way back got a bottle at the 'Spotted Dog' for half-a-crown!"

Chief Baron Pollock only missed by a year or two the satisfaction of seeing his son Charles raised to the bench of his old court. Charles Pollock—"the last of the Barons," as he was called, when by the death of Baron Huddleston he became the solitary survivor of the old Exchequer Judges—though not equal to his father in ability, was by no means a specimen of those judges who derive their elevation, according to the well-known legal witticism, "*per stirpes et non per capita*." He was a capable, if not a profound lawyer, and discharged his duties not only with fastidious impartiality, but with a quiet dignity which has of late been far too rare in the High Court. At the same time, he was by no means deficient in a sense of humor, and would on occasion relax his austerity with sallies of a much better quality than is nowadays associated with legal jesters. One of them at least is worthy of commemoration.

The Baron was trying a case which turned on what constituted "necessaries" for a minor, the leader on one side being a rather decrepit and

elderly Q.C., whose marriage to the somewhat mature daughter of a patrician house had occasioned a certain amount of ironical comment on the part of his learned friends; while the opposing party was captained by a "silk" who, although younger than his antagonist, had decidedly the advantage of him in the matter of olive-branches. The question of decision was whether a piano constituted a "necessary," the childless old Benedict arguing that it was, and his opponent, the Paterfamilias, insisting that it was not.

At last the former, by way of clinching his contention, began to allude rather pompously to his married experiences, a subject he was very fond of introducing on account of the augustness of his alliance. "My Lord," he ostentatiously urged, "as a married man, I can speak with some authority on these matters, and in my experience I have always understood that a piano was a 'necessary' for any one in the position which the minor in this case occupies." Hereupon the "Paterfamilias" counsel cruelly interrupted with: "My Lord, my learned friend boasts of his married experiences, but I must remind him that as a matter of fact he only entered upon the connubial state comparatively recently, whereas I, my Lord, have not only been married nearly twenty years, but am the father of a large family, while in that respect, so far as I am aware, the union to which my learned friend refers with so much complacency has not proved equally fortunate." "My Lord," furiously rejoined the other, "I must really protest against my friend making these offensive remarks. I request your Lordship—" he was continuing with accelerated wrath; as the titter in court became more pronounced, when Baron Pollock, bending over from the Bench, threw oil on the troubled waters by quietly interfering with: "Gentlemen,

I think we had better confine ourselves to the issue in the present case."

Baron, afterwards Lord, Bramwell was one of the small group of "strong" judges whose presence on the Bench was cordially appreciated by everyone except the meritorious criminal. In appearance he was curiously like old J. B. Buckstone of the Haymarket Theatre, whose capacity for comedy he also to some extent shared. An amusing touch of this quality was revealed on one occasion at a certain sporting city where the Assizes happened to synchronize with the annual race-meeting. As a matter of fact, the judge had no Isthmian proclivities, but many members of the Bar then on circuit being extremely anxious to see the race of the day, which always created widespread interest, one of the leading counsel engaged in a case then in progress asked the judge to allow a short adjournment. Baron Bramwell, himself nothing loth, inquired of the jury whether they had any objection to the adjournment asked for; but after consultation with his colleagues the foreman intimated that the majority of them had come from a distance, and were anxious that the case should not be interrupted, in order that they might get back to their homes, if possible, that evening.

The judge, who in the heart of a sporting county had expected a more complaisant response, was not best pleased that the proposal should be discountenanced; but he merely remarked, "Very well, gentlemen," and the case proceeded. In the luncheon interval, however, he sent for the counsel who had applied for the adjournment, and after intimating to him that he had no notion of being over-ridden by the jury in the matter, suggested that he should renew the application still more urgently after lunch. Accordingly, on the reassembling of the court the same counsel again rose,

and apologizing to the judge with affected diffidence for renewing the application of the morning, stated that he had been afforded during the luncheon interval an opportunity of ascertaining the feeling of the Bar in the matter, which was so unanimously in favor of an adjournment for the race that he ventured to hope the concession might be granted. The judge, who feigned a sort of resigned surprise at the revival of the subject, thereupon turned to the jury and addressed them as follows: "You have heard, gentlemen, what has just been urged by the learned counsel. Of course, under ordinary circumstances I should not think of entertaining so unusual an application, and one, moreover, which does not commend itself to the jury; but on the present occasion the case is exceptional. We happen to be here at the time when a great event in connection with what has been rightly designated the National Pastime is about to be celebrated, and it has been represented that there is a very strong, indeed an almost unanimous, desire on the part of those in court to witness this historic race. Should I be justified," he continued, solemnly scanning the jury—"should I be justified in refusing to sanction a short adjournment for what is, under the circumstances, so legitimate and reasonable an object?"

The jury still remained moodily obdurate, and the judge, after a pause, resumed, "I regret to observe, gentlemen, that you do not appear to be in accord with the prevailing sentiment; but, nevertheless, I cannot help feeling that it would be ungracious, I might even say arbitrary, on my part if I refused to give effect to it. In fact," he added, slowly gathering up his robes, "I am inclined to think—indeed I am quite sure that in spite of your continued dissent it is incumbent on me, nay, it is my positive duty to ad-

journ the court [then majestically rising from the Bench], *and I will!*"

Mr. Justice Byles was another "strong" judge of that epoch, whose austere demeanor was in strict harmony with an almost ultra-puritanical attitude of mind, which on one occasion was subjected to a very unwelcome experience. He was trying a case at Winchester, in which some soldiers of the dépôt were indicted for a riotous affray with a gang of navvies employed in the neighborhood. One of these navvies had been under examination for a considerable time with very little practical result, and at last the judge interposing observed to the examining counsel that he appeared to be making very little way with the witness, who had better be allowed to give his evidence after his own fashion. "Come, my man," said the judge reassuringly, "we must get to the end of this. Suppose you tell the story in your own way." "Well, my lord," broke out the navvy, greatly relieved at being delivered from his tormentor, "yer see, it was like this—we met the sodgers on the bridge, and one of 'em says to me 'Good mornin', 'Good mornin', yer—'"; but before the specimen of appalling vernacular that followed was well articulated, Mr. Justice Byles had fled precipitately from the Bench, with, no doubt, a mental resolution never again to invite a witness of the navigating order "to tell his story in his own way."

Apropos of witnesses and counsel, I think the most scathing retort that I ever read was the following, which I saw in some country newspaper report of an assize case. A counsel had been cross-examining a witness for some time with very little effect, and had sorely taxed the patience of the judge, the jury, and every one in court. At last the judge intervened with an imperative hint to the learned gentleman to conclude his cross-examination.

The counsel, who received this judicial intimation with a very bad grace, before telling the witness to stand down, accosted him with the parting sarcasm: "Ah, you're a clever fellow, a very clever fellow! We can all see that!" The witness, bending over from the box, quietly retorted, "I would return the compliment—if I were not on oath!"

Counsel are not, as a rule, too receptive of hints from the Bench as to the conduct of a case. I remember hearing a leather-lunged gentleman bawling legal platitudes to old Vice-Chancellor Bacon, who, after sitting passive for some time in a state of ill-concealed irritability, gave utterance in quavering tones to the following pungent remonstrance: "I am, of course, aware, Mr. So-and-so, that it is my duty to hear you, but I venture to remind you that there is such a quality as mer-r-cy!" The Vice-Chancellor, though rather crusty on the Bench, was a model of old-world politeness in private life. I remember on one occasion a Bayswater omnibus in which I was riding making an unduly long halt at the end of a street near Hyde Park Gardens, and just as the "fares" were beginning to wax impatient an old gentleman was seen crossing the road in the direction of the omnibus, under the guardianship of a butler. As he laboriously hoisted himself up the step I saw to my surprise that it was no less a personage than Vice-Chancellor Bacon, who in the vacation (as it then was) apparently considered himself justified in sinking his dignity by indulging in a two-penny ride! I extended a helping hand to the old man, who was then nearer ninety than eighty, and naturally far from agile. As a rule I have found that assistance thus proffered, though eagerly accepted, receives very little acknowledgment beyond an ill-tempered grunt, or a stony stare. But the old judge, entirely at variance

with his demeanor on the Bench, turned ceremoniously round to me before sitting down, a manœuvre not easy to the most active in a moving omnibus, and with an old-world urbanity faltered in his curious nut-cracker voice, "I beg to thank you, sir, for your very great courtesy."

He and Lord Chief-Justice Cockburn were, I think, the only two judges who regularly attended the Monday Popular Concerts, though there was always a large legal element in the audience. Sir Alexander Cockburn was a personage who would have figured with great effect in a novel. Unimpeachable in his public capacity, his private life resembled rather Lord Thurlow's than that of a nineteenth-century judge. Nevertheless, like Thurlow, he scrupulously maintained the dignity of his office, never descending to the derogatory conduct which too often characterized his successor, Lord Coleridge, who, so far as externals were concerned, had greatly the advantage. Both, however, were more distinguished at the Bar than on the Bench, though Cockburn was far from being a mere forensic orator, his speech on the Don Pacifico question being one of the finest ever delivered in Parliament. Probably the greatest compliment paid to him as an advocate was from Palmer, the Rugeley poisoner ("my sainted Bill," as his mother always termed him!), who, on being found guilty, handed down to his counsel a slip of paper bearing the following words: "It's the riding that's done it," Cockburn having been the prosecuting counsel. Lord Coleridge was decidedly his inferior both as an advocate and a parliamentary orator, though usually felicitous enough when delivering a literary address or a postprandial speech. On one occasion, however, he was betrayed into a curious piece of bathos, which all the magic of his silvery accents was unable to redeem,

He was among the distinguished guests at the dinner given at Balliol to celebrate the opening of the new college hall, and Archbishop Tait having responded for the college, Lord Coleridge was deputed to respond for the University. With his accustomed diffidence, or assumption of diffidence, he began his speech by disclaiming all qualification to fulfil so important a duty. "The Most Reverend Prelate," he observed with melodious unction, "in spite of his far more exalted position and infinitely superior eloquence, has on this memorable occasion only been called upon to respond for a part, while I, in every respect his inferior, who cannot claim to excel in a single one of the accomplishments with which he is so lavishly endowed, I, my lords and gentlemen, have been asked to respond for a whole, and" (with sonorous emphasis) "*what a (w)hole!*"

Although posing as one of those untroubled judges who have never heard of a music-hall, and are wholly unacquainted with slang, Lord Coleridge was not above enjoying an occasional touch of Billingsgate when applied to any individual whom he did not particularly affect. One of his learned brethren, with whom he was on intimate terms, was one day abusing a fellow Puisne, who happened to be especially repugnant to them both, in language the reverse of parliamentary. Coleridge listened to the opprobrious appellations with bland satisfaction, and then unctuously observed, "I am not addicted to expressions of that kind myself, but would you mind saying it again?" As is well known, he signalized his tenure of the Lord Chief-Justiceship by presenting the unprecedented spectacle of appearing as a defendant, in an action brought against him by his son-in-law, in the course of which he actually sat in the back benches of the court prompting his counsel.

Ermine, even if itself unsullied, becomes somewhat depreciated when placed in contact with dirty linen, and Lord Coleridge never quite survived this unfortunate shock to his prestige. Moreover, he had an unhappy propensity for indulging in extra-judicial utterances of a highly democratic character; and in the course of a visit to America adopted an attitude of implied, if not expressed, antagonism towards his own country and its institutions, while fulsomely lauding those of the United States. On the whole, in spite of considerable talents and a highly ornamental presence, he must be ranked as the most unsatisfactory occupant of the Lord Chief-Justice's chair for considerably over a century.

How much Coleridge, when at the Bar, owed to the untiring ability and laboriousness of Charles Bowen, only those who were behind the scenes can properly estimate. Bowen certainly never recovered the strain of the Tichborne trial, in which he was throughout the animating spirit of the Attorney-General, who without him would on many occasions have perilously floundered. Bowen was one of the subtlest lawyers and most brilliant scholars that has ever adorned the English Bench. Moreover, he was endowed with a peculiarly mordant wit, enunciating the most sardonic utterances in a voice of almost feminine softness. Of these, perhaps the most prominent was his protest to the counsel who was impugning, wholesale, certain evidence which had been filed against his client. "Aren't you going a little too far, Mr. —?" he murmured interposed; "truth, you know, will occasionally out, even in an affidavit."

To see him in the Court of Appeal entangling in his exquisitely fine meshes that rough and ready "knot-cutter," Lord Escher, was a treat of

which it was impossible to have too much. The feline purr in which he would half deferentially, half disdainfully, ply his puzzled senior with flagrant subtleties, was the most finished example of intellectual torture I ever had the privilege of witnessing. How the sturdy old Master of the Rolls must have rejoiced when his superlatively ingenious colleague was promoted to the House of Lords, and replaced by the less complex intellect of Sir John Rigby! Lord Escher was at the best but sounding brass compared to the thrice-refined gold of Charles Bowen, who, if he had only deigned to trample the dust of the political arena, would have equalled on the Woolsack even the reputation of Westbury.

But Law was not the only field in which he shone. If not actually a poet, he was a verse-writer of a very high order, while as an essayist or a historian, by dint of style alone, he would assuredly have won a distinguished place. His single defect was perhaps an undue proclivity for irony, which on one occasion he indulged in from the Bench, with disastrous effect on the jury. Shortly after his appointment as a puisne judge, he was trying a burglar in some country town, and by way of mitigating the tedium of the proceedings, summed up something in the following fashion: "You will have observed, gentlemen, that the prosecuting counsel laid great stress on the enormity of the offence with which the prisoner is charged, but I think it is only due to the prisoner to point out that in proceeding about his enterprise, he at all events displayed remarkable consideration for the inmates of the house. For instance, rather than disturb the owner, an invalid lady, as you will have remarked, with commendable solicitude he removed his boots, and went about in his stockings, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather. Further,

instead of rushing with heedless rapacity into the pantry, he carefully removed the coal-scuttle and any other obstacles, which, had he thoughtlessly collided with them, would have created a noise that must have aroused the jaded servants from their well-earned repose." After proceeding in this strain for some little time, he dismissed the jury to consider their verdict, and was horror-struck when, on their return into court, they pronounced the acquittal of the prisoner!

Lord Bowen was probably the only judge who, on being summoned on an emergency to the dread ordeal of taking Admiralty cases, entered upon his doom with a pleasantry. After explaining to the counsel of that consummately technical tribunal the reason of his presiding over it on the occasion in question, and warning them of his inexperience in this particular branch of practice, he concluded his remarks with the following quotation from Tennyson's beautiful lyric, then recently published:—

"And may there be no moaning of the Bar

When I put out to sea."

I have ventured to suggest that Lord Bowen's legal intellect was not inferior to that of Lord Westbury, a notability whose sayings are still of absorbing interest to a large section of the public. With brains of gold and a tongue of gall, both at the Bar and as Chancellor he was, though in a subtler fashion, fully as formidable as the terrible Thurlow, and his downfall was, I have been assured on the best authority, due less to indiscretion in the matter of patronage (in connection with which he actually resigned) than to a determined combination against him of various eminent individuals who had smarted under his affronts. Of these the most notable was an Illustrious Personage whose resentment was,

under the circumstances not surprising. His Royal Highness had long been interesting himself on behalf of a certain gentleman whose wife held a confidential position in his consort's household, and it appearing probable that the second Reading Clerkship of the House of Lords would shortly become vacant, he had caused his *protégé's* claims to be made known to the Chancellor with a view to eventualities. In due course the invalid Reading Clerk departed this life, and the Prince, who had taken measures to have immediate intelligence of the event, at once sent off an equerry to the Chancellor with the news, and a strong hint that his *protégé's* candidature for the vacant post should receive favorable consideration. As a matter of fact, the Chancellor could not possibly have been aware of the Reading Clerk's death, but that did not deter him from charging the equerry with the following answer: "You will convey my most respectful compliments to his Royal Highness, and you will inform his Royal Highness that to my profound regret I am unable to comply with his Royal Highness's wishes, as the appointment in question is already filled up." Then, on the withdrawal of the astonished messenger, he rang the bell and said to the servant, "Tell Mr. Slingsby I wish to see him." On Slingsby Bethell making his appearance the Chancellor greeted him as follows: "Slingsby! you are appointed second Reading Clerk in the House of Lords," But though nothing loth to accept the post on his own account, Slingsby Bethell at once saw how prejudicially it would affect his father, and urged him to reconsider his decision; but the Chancellor was inflexible, and accordingly made an implacable enemy of the royal personage he had thus so ruthlessly affronted.

Not content with this exploit, the Chancellor shortly afterwards signal-

ized himself by another only less remarkable. He had issued invitations for a "high Judicial" dinner-party, the guests including Vice-Chancellor Wood, a saintly old gentleman who had recently produced a work on "The Continuity of Scripture," and the late Lord Penzance, alike in official and private life the embodiment of austere decorum. To the inexpressible indignation of these eminent worthies, both of whom were accompanied by their ladies, they found the end of the Chancellor's table, that should have been occupied by Lady Westbury, presided over, in her absence, by a foreign Countess, more conspicuous for her fascinations than her fair fame! As may be easily imagined, the drawing-room part of the entertainment was not of long duration, and on reaching home the outraged author of "The Continuity of Scripture" immediately sat down and indited a complaint of four pages to Lord Palmerston, the peccant Chancellor's Ministerial Chief. Lord Palmerston's reply, which my informant had the privilege of seeing, was scarcely consolatory. It ran thus:—

"My dear Wood,—I quite agree that the Chancellor's conduct is inexcusable; but I am sure you will admit that he treated me worse than any of you, for he made me take the lady down to dinner!—Sincerely yours,

"Palmerston."

The virtuous Vice-Chancellor had to pocket his indignation, but in common with Lord Penzance (then Sir J. P. Wilde) he nursed his vengeance to some purpose. On the night when a motion of censure on the Chancellor's unsatisfactory methods of patronage was being debated in the Commons, Lord Granville was talking to his colleague on the Woolsack, and laughing to scorn the bare idea of an adverse vote. But he reckoned without the combined forces of the Chancellor's enemies, for

a few moments later the news arrived that the motion had been carried, though it was universally recognized that in the particular circumstances the Chancellor had been more sinned against than sinning. There is no doubt that Richard Bethell, Lord Westbury's eldest son, had taken undue advantage of his father's good-nature in the matter of patronage, and that the Chancellor, though certainly blamable for carelessness, was absolutely free from any suspicion of corruption. It was Richard Bethell who inspired his father with one of the neatest of impromptu puns. Always a spendthrift, even when his father was Attorney-General he had been proclaimed an outlaw, and was forced to lie *perdu* on the other side of the Channel. When, however, Sir Richard was made Lord Chancellor, and a family meeting was held to decide on the title of his peerage, Dick Bethell, as the heir, thought well to steal back in order to be present at the consultation, which took place at a country seat then occupied by the Chancellor near Basingstoke, called Hackwood. Various titles were suggested, but without result, and eventually Dick Bethell attempted to solve the difficulty by suggesting that his father should become Lord Hackwood. "No, no, Richard," replied the Chancellor, "that would never do; for if I became Lord Hackwood you would infallibly be dubbed The Honorable Mr. 'Cut-your-Stick'!"

I believe that Lord Westbury had a far kinder heart than his manner ever permitted him to gain credit for. The late Mr. Commissioner Holroyd, in whose chambers the Chancellor had been a pupil, among many others who afterwards attained judicial rank, told me that of them all Lord Westbury was the only one who had attempted to serve him (he proposed, though unsuccessfully, the Commissioner as

Chief Judge in Bankruptcy under a new Act), and that the loyalty and genuine goodness of heart which underlay his undesirable qualities had never been done justice to. The late Lady Westbury ("Dick" Bethell's widow) told me the same thing, though she admitted that her father-in-law was at first terribly formidable! She instanced an occasion on which, when he was still at the Bar, she had to see him at his chambers on some question connected, I think, with her marriage settlements, and while they were talking Sir Richard's clerk rashly entered with a message about a brief. "Will you be obliging enough," drawled the Attorney-General, with ominous trenchancy, "to close that door, and remain on the other side of it?" The wretched clerk looked as if he would have been thankful to sink through the floor, and Lady Westbury said she felt suddenly frozen up. But his supreme achievement of this sort occurred at a special meeting of the Conservative Club, to which he had been summoned to explain his conduct in standing for Parliament as a Liberal. The chairman of the meeting was Mr. Quintin Dick, who being slightly deaf could not altogether catch Bethell's mincing tones of contemptuous defiance, delivered from a rather remote part of the room. On Mr. Dick somewhat imperiously requesting him to "speak up," Bethell replied with acetic suavity that "he was very sorry for being inaudible, but he had really supposed that the ears of the honorable chairman were long enough to be reached by his remarks, even from that distant part of the room." His doom after that was of course a *fait accompli*; indeed, aware that in any case it was assured, he resolved before receiving sentence to treat his tribunal to a taste of his quality. Only once, I believe, did he actually incur corporeal retribution for his offen-

siveness, and that was at the hands, or rather at the toes, of Mr. Neate, a Chancery barrister, who sat in Parliament for the city of Oxford. Bethell, who was at the time Attorney-General, had thought fit in the course of some case to make an envenomed attack on Mr. Neate, who was also engaged. Neate, red-hot with resentment, waited for the great man outside the court, and treated him to the rough-and-ready form of vengeance which I have already indicated. To kick an Attorney-General as one would a cheeky schoolboy was "*un peu trop fort*," however great the provocation, and poor Neate only saved himself from being disbarred by undertaking never to hold a brief again.

One of the greatest Equity judges of the last half-century was the late Sir George Jessel, the first, and, so far, the only Jew who has been raised to the English Bench. Jessel's appointment was received with a certain amount of misgiving, not on account of his attainments, which were unexceptionable, but by reason of an undesirable audacity which had occasionally marked his conduct of cases at the Bar. There is no doubt that at a pinch in order to score a point he was not above "improving" the actual text of the Report which he purported to be quoting, and I well remember this practice producing quite a dramatic little scene, when having sprung upon a particularly painstaking opponent some case which apparently demolished the latter's argument, that learned gentleman with an almost apoplectic gasp requested that the volume might be passed to him. The result of his perusal was more satisfactory to himself than it was to Jessel, who, however, treated the matter as a mere "*trifle*," not worth fussing about, and calmly restarted his argument on a new tack! In this undesirable habit he resembled an eminent predecessor, who on in-

vesting some obsolete case on which he was relying with a complexion peculiarly favorable to his arguments but quite new to the presiding judge, the latter quietly asked him to hand up his volume of Reports. After a moment's examination the judge handed the volume back with the scathing rebuke: "As I thought, Mr. —, my memory of thirty years is more accurate than your quotation."

But once on the Bench Jessel not only discarded all derogatory methods, but pounced remorselessly on any too ingenious practitioner who might attempt to resort to them, and brief as was his judicial career, he contrived to leave a reputation unrivalled in the Rolls Court since the days of Sir William Grant.

A Chancery Court is not, as a rule, a very amusing resort, but Vice-Chancellor Malins was always able to command a fairly "good house," as he might generally be counted on to show a certain amount of sport under the stimulating attacks of Mr. Glasse and his Hibernian rival, Mr. Napier Higgins. Mr. Glasse, whose countenance recalled that of a vicious old pointer, when not engaged in bandying epithets with Mr. Higgins, applied himself only too successfully to developing the unhappy Vice-Chancellor's propensities for making himself ridiculous. Sir Richard, an amiable, loquacious old gentleman who had bored and button-holed his parliamentary chiefs into giving him a judgeship, was certainly an easy prey for a bullying counsel. In external aspect dignified enough, he was afflicted with a habit of conversational irrelevancy which might have supplied a master-subject for the pen of Charles Dickens. While Higgins roared him down like a floundering bull, Glasse plied the even more discomfiting weapons of calculated contempt and impertinence.

The following is a sample of scenes

which were then of almost daily occurrence in Sir Richard's court. "That reminds me," the judge would oracularly interpose, fixing his eyeglass and glancing round the court,— "That reminds me of a point I once raised in the House of Commons—"

"Really, my Lord," Mr. Glasse would brusquely interrupt with a withering sneer, "we have not come here to listen to your Lordship's parliamentary experiences." Whereat with an uneasy flush the Vice-Chancellor would mutteringly resume attention. On one occasion I recollect Mr. Glasse so far forgetting himself as to exclaim audibly, in response to some sudden discussion from the bench, "D—d old woman!" Every one, of course, tittered, and the Vice-Chancellor, for once nerving himself for reprisals, bent forward with a scarlet face and the interrogatory, "What was that you said, Mr. Glasse?" But his terrible antagonist was not to be confounded. Without a moment's hesitation he replied, airily flourishing his many-colored bandana, "My Lord, I will frankly acknowledge that my remark was not intended for your Lordship's ears;" an explanation which Malins thought it prudent humbly to accept.

But in justice be it said that, though intimidated in a fashion by this brace of forensic bruisers, the Vice-Chancellor was in his judgments no respecter of persons, and in the celebrated Rugby School case he administered a rebuke to a Right Reverend prelate, lately at the head of the Church, which must have been far from comfortable reading, if a full report of the proceedings ever came under his notice.

Sir Richard's garrulity once cost him rather dear. On arriving unusually late in Court he artlessly explained that his unpunctuality was due to his having started for his morning ride minus his watch, which he had accidentally left at home, and in consequence had

been beguiled into a prolongation of his amble with the "Liver Brigade." About an hour after this rather unnecessary explanation, a person presented himself at the Vice-Chancellor's house in Lowndes Square and informed the butler that he had been sent from the Court for Sir Richard's watch. The butler at first was suspicious; but on finding the watch on his master's dressing-table, and thinking that he would be greatly inconvenienced without it, he handed the timepiece—a very valuable one—to the messenger, who promptly hurried off—but not in the direction of Lincoln's Inn!

Though by no means a wit even of the judicial order, Sir Richard must be credited with one apposite pleasantry, which, though well enough known among lawyers, may be narrated here for the benefit of the lay community. At the time when Vice-Chancellor Bacon was one of his colleagues, Malins had before him some case in which one of the parties was of that order peculiarly obnoxious to the legal mind—namely, the "cranky" litigant. In delivering judgment the Vice-Chancellor felt himself constrained to take a view adverse to the claims set up by this individual, who determined to avenge himself for what he chose to consider a miscarriage of justice. Accordingly, one morning shortly after the judgment, he presented himself in court, and, taking hurried aim from amid the bystanders, hurled an overpreserved egg at the head of his oppressor. The Vice-Chancellor, by ducking adroitly, managed to avoid the missile, which malodorously discharged itself at a comparatively safe distance from its target. "I think," observed Sir Richard, almost grateful in spite of the *lèse majesté* for so apt an opportunity of qualifying as a judicial wag,— "I think that egg must have been intended for my brother Bacon!"

Apropos of troublesome litigants, the days of Mrs. Weldon's forensic feats are now far distant, and, sad to relate, her solitary reappearance, as is too often the case with retired "stars," was a dismal fiasco. But twenty years ago she was a power and something more in the High Court, in spite of public ridicule and professional prejudice, scoring triumph after triumph, such as fall to the lot of few of even the most practiced advocates. One of her most effective weapons was her exquisitely modulated voice, which was capable of the subtlest inflection of scorn and irony that I ever heard from human lips. Perhaps her most notable victory was in an action she brought against that Ouidaesque Guardsman, Sir Henry de Bathe, who in his magisterial capacity had signed an order for her committal to a private asylum. The case was tried by Baron Huddleston, a judge whose well-known proclivities for patrician society and surroundings rendered him occasionally a somewhat partial arbiter. In this instance his sympathies were from the first manifestly in favor of the aristocratic defendant, while he displayed towards the plaintiff, who was as usual conducting her own case, a harshness and brusquerie which were quite uncalled for. But judicial antipathies never greatly troubled Mrs. Weldon, who, as a litigant, had very soon discovered that a dead-set by the judge, especially against a woman, not infrequently results in enlisting the sympathies of the jury. Accordingly, after one or two ineffectual attempts on the part of Baron Huddleston to stifle the whole business, Mrs. Weldon was allowed to proceed. I did not hear much of her opening address, but was fortunate enough to be present during the first part of her examination of Sir Henry de Bathe, which, for the sake of convenience, I will give in dialogue form. It must be borne in mind that

Sir Henry had been one of Mrs. Weldon's oldest friends, and that she was perfectly acquainted with all particulars as to his rank and status.

Mrs. Weldon (to witness). I believe your name is Sir Henry de Bathe?

Sir Henry (with a lofty indifference). Yes.

Mrs. W. A baronet?

Sir H. Yes.

Mrs. W. And formerly colonel commanding the Scots Guards.

Sir H. (with a touch of self-complacency). Just so.

Mrs. W. You are also, I believe, a county magistrate?

Sir H. (with a bored air.) Oh yes.

Mrs. W. Anything else?

Sir H. (after a pause.) Not that I know of.

Mrs. W. Oh come, Sir Henry de Bathe, just refresh your memory, please.

Sir H. (after a longer pause.) I really can't recollect.

Mrs. W. Dear me, and I should have thought it so very important! Come, now, have you never heard of St. Luke's Asylum?

Sir H. (with an enlightened expression.) Oh, ah, yes, of course; but I wasn't thinking of that kind of thing, you know!

Mrs. W. I can quite believe that! Well, now, tell my lord and the jury what your connection with St. Luke's Asylum is.

Sir H. Well, I am one of the governors, you know.

Mrs. W. Exactly. You are one of the governors of St. Luke's Asylum, which, I believe, is an asylum for sufferers from mental diseases!

Sir H. I believe so.

Mrs. W. You only believe so! Come, is it a fact or not?

Sir H. Oh yes, certainly.

Mrs. W. Well, now, will you tell us in what your duties as a governor of St. Luke's Asylum consist? (*An embarrassed silence, during which the witness rather nervously adjusts his necktie.*) I am waiting, Sir Henry de Bathe. (*No answer.*) Surely, Sir Henry de Bathe, you are not going to let the jury infer that, although a governor of this important asylum, you are unable to give any account of your duties?

Sir H. (after a further pause, and al-

most agitated attention to the ends of his tie.) Well, I—I look in now and then, you know.

Mrs. W. (with an inflection of consummate irony.) "You look in now and then!" (To the jury) I hope, gentlemen, you will appreciate the answer of the honorable baronet! Here is a person who, in his capacity of governor of a Lunatic Asylum, signed an order declaring me to be of unsound mind, and yet the only definition he can give of his duties is that "he looks in now and then!"

[Sir Henry writhes, the jury smile with a significant air of sympathy, which renders a verdict for the plaintiff a foregone conclusion.]

"Society" judges, such as the late Baron Huddleston, are, for obvious reasons, not satisfactory occupants of the Bench. With every desire to be impartial, they are insensibly prejudiced in favor of the class with whom they aspire to mingle, and in a celebrated trial that took place some twenty years ago, in which a certain sculptor, much affected by great ladies, was one of the parties, Baron Huddleston cut a figure which made him ridiculous in the eyes of the law, and almost a public laughing-stock. Of the present judicial body, Sir Francis Jeune is the only member who mixes much in fashionable society; and though he has hitherto been fortunate in not having to deal with his hosts and hostesses in the character of delinquents, it is of course always possible that such a *contretemps* may occur, in which case it would require all the President's tact and adroitness to maintain an attitude satisfactory to himself and to the public. In the old days, with the single exception of Vice-Chancellor Leach, judges did not aspire to patrician society, and the spectacle of the chief of a tribunal for matrimonial causes appearing at a "smart" ball in fancy costume would have been hailed with pious horror. Lord Chancellors, of course, are in a

different category; but even Lord Lyndhurst's "society" proclivities were looked upon in many quarters with disapprobation, succeeding as they did the austere aloofness observed by Lord Eldon. Lyndhurst, indeed, in spite of his legal genius, was by temperament much more qualified for a party than a judicial arena. One of those politicians who make expediency the main article of their creed, he was never troubled by scruples when they stood in the way of scoring a trick in the political game, and though Lord Campbell in his "Lives" is undoubtedly too hard on him his *volte face* from principles that verged on Jacobinism to those that prompted the "Six Acts" has never been satisfactorily accounted for. For his popularity he was chiefly indebted to his many personal qualities, that of never forgetting a friend being prominent among them. The father of an old gentleman with whom I was acquainted had given Lord Lyndhurst, then merely the unknown son of a not too prosperous artist, his first brief, and, whether in or out of office, the Chancellor never forgot it. He befriended the family in every way open to him, and after one of them had proved a hopeless failure in every other capacity, rather than let him "go under" he made him one of his private secretaries. "*Si sic omnes!*"

Another ex-Chancellor of exceeding charm, though of far inferior abilities, was the first Lord Chelmsford. I once had the good fortune to sit opposite him at a dinner-party, and was greatly struck by his courtly manner and sparkling talk, which were enhanced by unusually handsome features, though he was then a good deal nearer eighty than seventy. One fact that he mentioned concerning himself astonished me not a little. The talk happened to turn on naval subjects, he quietly remarked, "I am afraid I have forgotten the little I once knew on

such matters, but I began life in the navy, and was a midshipman in the Copenhagen expedition of 1807." Lady Chelmsford was also at the dinner, an amiable-looking old lady, whom it was difficult to credit with the affront on Mrs. Disraeli which was said to have procured the latter her coronet and Lord Chelmsford his *congé*. I have been told lately that the dismissal did not rest with Mr. Disraeli, and perhaps the actual facts will come to light in Lord Rowton's long-awaited biography. At all events, Disraeli subsequently showed a marked friendliness to members of the ex-Chancellor's family, appointing his second son, Alfred, *per saltum* to a Lord-Justiceship of Appeal—the only other instance of like promotion being, I believe, in the case of Lord-Justice Mellish, though several law-officers and ex-law officers of the Crown have been appointed to the same court without holding intermediate judicial office. It has always seemed to me a pity that no memoir of Lord Chelmsford has been given to the world. Though not a great lawyer, he was distinctly a personage who lived in important times, and, moreover, had a very pretty wit. Perhaps his most felicitous *mot* was the following, which I do not think is very widely known. When Chancellor he had rather a partiality for reading prayers in the House of Lords,—a duty which, I believe, devolved upon the Chancellor in the absence of the junior bishop, or at any rate in the event of there being no spiritual peer present. On one occasion the prelate who should have read the prayers not having arrived at the prescribed hour, Lord Chelmsford without giving him any "law," proceeded to perform the ceremony. Scarcely had the service begun when the defaulting bishop arrived breathless, but was of course too late. After prayers were over, as the Chancellor was preparing to note

the occurrence according to custom, the bishop hastened up to the table with the petulant protest: "I think your lordship needn't have been in such a hurry; you might have given me a moment."

"Oh, if that's all," rejoined the Chancellor, taking up his pen, "I'll make a *minute* of it."

I will close this chapter with an anecdote about another Chancellor, Lord Cairns, which illustrates the wide divergency between precept and practice. Some years ago I ordered some hosiery of an Oxford Street tradesman with whom I had not previously dealt, and happening to be at dinner when the articles were sent home, was rather annoyed at the messenger refusing to leave them without being paid. The next morning I called at the shop and expostulated at having been treated with what I considered scant ceremony. The proprietor politely apologized, but explained that he always made a practice of not delivering goods without payment in the case of a new customer, and proceeded to support his usage by declaring that it had been enjoined by no less a personage than Lord Chancellor Cairns, who, according to the hosier, had intimated in some case that if tradesmen left goods without waiting to be paid, and afterwards failed to get their money, they had only themselves to thank. "I read this," he explained, "in some newspaper, and at once resolved that I would in future act on his lordship's advice, at all events where new customers were concerned. Curiously enough, not long afterwards who should come into my shop but Lord Cairns himself, and ordered some shirts which, when made, were to be sent to his house in South Kensington. Accordingly, when they were ready I sent my man with them, and bearing in mind his lordship's own excellent advice, I told him to wait for the

money, which, to tell the truth, I was at the moment rather in want of. My man, accordingly, on delivering the shirts presented the bill to the footman, requesting that it might be paid. The footman at first seemed disposed to shut the door in his face, but on my messenger declaring that if payment was not made, his orders were to take the parcel back, the man departed to consult the butler, who appeared on the scene, bursting with indignation, and ordered my messenger to be off. The man remaining obdurate, the butler, departed in hot haste for the steward, or Groom of the Chambers, who raged even more furiously, but to no purpose—my man still stood firm. Finally, this official departed, and after a short interval his lordship himself appeared, and hectoring the

Blackwood's Magazine.

man to such a tune that he finally capitulated, and left the parcel minus the account. On hearing my man's report of what had happened, I wrote a most respectful letter to Lord Cairns explaining that but for his own advice on the subject I should not have thought of requesting payment at the door; that, moreover, I really supposed (which was true) that he preferred to have this system adopted in his household; concluding with a hope that under the circumstances he would not be offended. However," added the disillusioned hosier, "his lordship took no notice of my letter, and actually kept me waiting two years for the money!"

Moral. Be chary of judicial precepts, even when they emanate from a Chancellor!

Sigma.

LORD CUMBERWELL'S LESSON.

CHAPTER III.

Lord Cumberwell stood immovable, listening anxiously. The footsteps approached, slowly and more slowly as they drew nearer. Opposite the door they paused, but only for a moment.

Then he drew a breath of relief. As soon as the policeman had gone to a reasonable distance he would carry out his plan. He would return to the other side of the door, and knock until he received an answer.

Still listening to the departing footsteps, he looked around him curiously. From the kitchen he heard the voice of a child, apparently a boy. Just before him, on the left, was the open door of a room, probably a small sitting-room; and opposite this entrance was a hat and umbrella stand. Lying upon this stand was something he had

seen before. It was a small hand-bag made of crocodile leather. There was no need for a second glance, for it was certainly the one which the woman had carried. He remembered his conclusions in the omnibus—that it contained his priceless slip of paper!

Here was the end of his trouble just within his grasp. Instantly he saw that he could avoid an interview with the frightened woman, and could avoid also the bother which would be caused by a revelation of his identity. The way he saw was short, simple, and immensely easy. He could open the bag, take out the document, and vanish without a sign.

In justice to the Earl, it must be said here that he really did hesitate for a brief while; but the temptation was too strong. Perhaps, too, his fall may be regarded as a simple result of his

long diplomatic training. He stepped forward silently, and laid his hands upon the bag. Hastily and nervously he tried to open it, but it was in vain that he fumbled with the clasps and metal-work. He had never touched such an article before, so it is not surprising that he failed; and while he was still engaged with it he heard heavy footsteps cross the floor of a room above him and approach the landing above the stairs. Some one was coming down.

The position was an extremely delicate one. There was hardly time to think, much less to escape through the front door. The Earl of Cumberwell saw one alternative which looked promising. Still clasping the hand-bag, he stepped backward into the doorway of the sitting-room.

He was just in time. A man came heavily down the stairs, and paused at the bottom. Lord Cumberwell moved silently farther back among the shadows of his hiding-place. Then he heard the man advance to the front-door, which he closed and fastened noisily. After that he returned, and strode towards the kitchen.

"Dear me!" thought Lord Cumberwell, perplexed; "he has fastened the door. I wonder whether it will be easy to open."

There was worse to come. When the man reached the kitchen he addressed some one in a loud tone.

"Laura," he said, "you left the front door open."

"Did I?" asked a woman's voice. "Well, it was no wonder. I was so frightened"—

At that word the colored-glass door was closed, and the voices were lost. Again Lord Cumberwell breathed more freely, for the danger seemed to have passed. He must make one more effort to open the bag, and if he failed this time there was only one thing to do; he must carry it away with him.

It was his mistake, at this point, that he did not pause to consider; but the whole affair had been so hasty that consideration had scarcely come into it at all. If he had paused to think now, he would have seen that if the lost document was at this time in the hand-bag it would be just as well to leave it there. In that simple hiding-place it was safe alike from the members of the Opposition and the editor of the *Hour*; while, seeing the nature of its surroundings, it was not likely to fall into the wrong hands soon enough to work harm. But Lord Cumberwell did not think of this, and saw nothing but the necessity of getting it into his possession. He was excited, and in no mood for sensible calculation.

So he fumbled again with the fastenings, losing in this way his only opportunity for escape. Scarcely had he worked for ten seconds when there broke upon his ear simultaneously the sound of the hurried opening of the kitchen door, the voice of the man, and his footsteps in the passage. All these sounds were full of haste and anger.

"I'll precious soon see," said the man as he reached the door; "and if I find him there I'll just let him know it. You may take my word for that!"

The woman followed him up the passage. There were other footsteps also, probably those of the boy. Lord Cumberwell held his breath.

"I can't see any one," said the man, speaking from the gate. "There's only a policeman within sight. What was the ruffian like?"

"He was rather stout," answered the woman, "and clean shaven. He had a soft gray hat on, and he was a queer-looking figure altogether."

A queer-looking figure altogether! The description only added an extra pang to the discomfort which the listener was enduring already. This was most humiliating.

"Well, I'll walk to the corner," said the man doubtfully. "Just wait a minute."

His steps receded rapidly, and his wife was left at the door. For an instant Lord Cumberwell thought that this might be his chance; but he gave up the hope. There was no time; and besides, he could not summon up courage to face such a situation. He stood mute, clasping the bag in his hands.

The man returned. "I can't see any one," he said. "Perhaps he cleared away when he saw you enter the house."

They came in, closing the iron gate as they did so. The man passed down towards the kitchen, evidently rather disappointed. "You can lock the door," he said, pausing on the way. "It won't be wanted again to-night."

His wife remained behind and turned the key in the front-door with a click which was distinctly audible to one person near at hand; then, on her way to the kitchen, she paused at the door of the room in which the Earl was standing. It was her usual habit, and one which she had in common with many good housewives, to give a last look round before locking up for the night. She paused on the threshold, thrust the door back a little, and peered into the room.

Lord Cumberwell had no time to retire out of view. He could only stand in his place, helpless and confounded. The woman gave a start and a scream.

"James! James! Quick!"

With the cry she ran back, and her startled husband met her in the middle of the passage. To his amazement, he saw a large, portly figure emerge from the sitting-room and advance towards them. The woman screamed again.

"I really beg your pardon," began Lord Cumberwell. "I am sorry to have alarmed you"—

His stately apology was interrupted.

"What are you doing in this house?" demanded the householder with vigor.

"I will explain," said Lord Cumberwell hastily. "I will explain. The fact is, my dear sir—the fact is, I came in to see your wife—this lady."

It was, at the least, an unfortunate way of putting it. The woman gave an exclamation of amazement, and her husband stared. He was a man of heavy but athletic build, one who would evidently stand no nonsense.

"To see my wife!" he echoed, with darkening face.

"Oh James!" gasped his wife tremulously; "it's the man I told you of—the one who stared at me in the bus, and then followed me here. And look—see what he has in his hand!"

Every one looked, the Earl included. Clasped tightly in his right hand was the little hand-bag of crocodile leather!

It was an awful combination of circumstances, and he was so utterly taken aback that he could not find a word to utter. It was the husband that spoke first.

"Charlie," he said, addressing his son, a boy of about ten years, "there's a policeman up the street. Run round through the back door, and fetch him."

The boy disappeared at once, before Lord Cumberwell had recovered his presence of mind. Directly afterwards he found strength to utter a horrified protest.

"My dear sir"—he began, advancing.

"If you move another step forward," said the householder calmly, "I'll knock you down."

The Earl stopped, aghast. "My dear sir," he began again, with an effort, "you must let me explain. I came here to see your wife. She called at my house little more than an hour ago."

"Called at your house?" interrupted the man.

"Oh James," cried his wife, "what an awful untruth! I haven't called at any house—you know I haven't."

"What!" said Lord Cumberwell. "Did you not call at my house this evening with a letter?"

"Your house? Why, I haven't called at any house. I don't know your house."

This was a blow indeed. It had entirely failed to suggest itself to the Earl that he might have made a mistake at the beginning, that this woman in black was not the woman who had called at his house. Now he perceived, with a feeling of despair, that he had been following up the wrong person all along.

He was bewildered and dismayed by this new turn in affairs; but his captors saw only guilt in his face. "Perhaps you can think of a better story than that," suggested the man offensively. "I don't think it will do."

"Sir!" cried Lord Cumberwell indignantly.

"Please don't 'sir' me. What about the hand-bag?"

Things were growing worse. "I—I thought the letter was in it," explained the guilty Minister. "I was about to look. That is all."

"Indeed!—Laura, what is in that bag of yours?"

"Nothing but my purse," answered the woman quickly.

There was a disagreeable pause. The Earl glanced at the door, but there was no chance in that direction. Then he made one final effort.

"It's a mistake," he began—"a foolish and ridiculous mistake. You don't know who I am."

"Never mind that. The police will know, no doubt. They'll be here in a minute."

It was a hopeless affair, and the Earl groaned in his heart. For a few moments he contemplated the idea of taking the two entirely into his confidence, but was forced to relinquish it. His case was already prejudiced beyond recovery as far as these peo-

ple were concerned: they would regard his story as a wild fable, and he would simply be exposing himself to ridicule without any good effect. Perhaps it would be best, after all, to wait for the police. Then things would come right.

The wait was not a long one. A back-door was suddenly thrown open, and a constable appeared, with the boy at his side. To the Earl's dismay, this was the officer whose conduct so short a time before had brought all this misfortune upon him—the one whose suspicious scrutiny had forced him to enter the house. Circumstances were inexorable.

"Well?" said the constable, striding up the narrow passage in a leisurely way. "What have we here?"

"A burglar!" cried the woman excitedly.

"Something of that kind," added her husband.

"It is a mistake," protested the Earl—"a most absurd mistake."

The officer looked at him closely. "Ah!" he said; "it's you, is it? I had my suspicions."

"What!" cried the householder; "do you know him?"

The constable gave a wise smile. "I saw him enter this house a little while ago, and I thought then there was something queer about him. How did you get hold of him?"

"We found him hiding in that front-room, and he had my wife's hand-bag. That's burglary, isn't it?"

The officer took out his note-book. "It's bad enough, anyhow," he replied. "It's being found on enclosed premises—namely, a front sitting-room—for the purpose of committing a felony." Then, turning to the Earl, he said, "You'd better keep all your talk for the inspector. And I warn you that anything you say may be used as evidence against you."

This was horrible. The man's tone

and manner were so galling that the Earl's last grain of patience vanished. His dismay, irritation, and bewilderment, his humiliation and his contempt, all became merged in a sudden rage. The blood rushed to his brows, and in the heat of the moment one

hasty word escaped him. He had not used such a word before since his old electioneering days. He regretted it the moment it had gone; but his regret was swallowed up in renewed wrath when he saw the man calmly enter it in his note-book.

Chambers's Journal.

W. E. Cule.

(To be continued.)

AN ULSTER SQUIRE OF THE REIGN OF GEORGE III.

"We are grateful to the aged who, before they quit this world, will take the trouble to tell us how it looked when they opened their eyes upon it—it appears to us that this is a service which women are especially fitted for and called on to perform. Society is so much their province that it seems as if they were the natural and proper historians of its changes. Perhaps few of the labors of the historian would be more valuable to the cause of human progress; indeed such researches lead to the heart of the question, What is progress?"

These remarks of Mrs. Austin, in her work on Germany, have long dwelt in my mind, and they appear to me eminently applicable to the changes which one generation can note in Ireland. In my own case, opening my eyes upon it just after the Union, and taking up my pen more than half a century after—that half-century including the introduction of steam on land and sea, of gas, and electric agency, the repeal of penal laws, and of fiscal restrictions, and the reform of popular representation in Parliament, I should be able to record changes of no mean character in the social state in which I have lived, and perhaps also diversify my recollections with amusing accounts of individual oddity. To render this easy to myself to write, easy to who-

ever may read these pages, should they ultimately escape the flames, I must write as the recollections come, without any attempt at order of subject or date beyond stringing them together by the thread of my own life.

Castle Dillon, near Armagh, was the seat of Sir Capel Molyneux, whose wife was the eldest daughter of Sir Neal O'Donnell, my mother being his youngest. Sir Capel was rich and childless, and he requested of my father, from his numerous family and smaller means, to give up a child for his adoption, in the hope that such a presence and prattle might rouse Lady Molyneux from the low spirits she had fallen into on the death of her two eldest and favorite brothers. Thus was I, the second daughter of Dodwell Browne, of Rahins, near Castlebar, transported to Castle Dillon, near Armagh.

It was a low, straggling house, the centre, a sort of pavilion, containing the reception-rooms and of one story only. The wings were of two; the eastern had formerly contained the stables, in the fashion of the period when for protection the various parts of a country residence were as much concentrated as possible. Odd staircases and steps within obviated the differences of level. From the south side there was a descent by three ter-

traced slopes to the lake, a pretty piece of water of above sixty acres. This was covered by wild-fowl undisturbed by sportsmen, as Sir Capel did not allow a shot to be fired within the demesne wall. So confident were they that I have often seen wild duck and other water birds come up in the evenings close to the house, and they were often caught in the tench nets spread to dry on the grass. The demesne was completed as a park by Sir Capel's father, there were still hedge-row thorns, orchards, and double lines of elm marking the sites of previously existing homesteads. The lake, now so reduced by general drainage, had then little shallow margin and rose high on the quickly descending banks. The eastern side was adorned by a fine oak and ash plantation from which a green-sward stretched irregularly to the water's edge. How well I remember the beauty of the landscape of a tranquil evening, as the cows, returning from their pasture, wound their way through the trees by the lake and stood in its mirror-like water, the setting sun warming the gray tints of evening by its crimson light. Strange how plain to my mind's eye is still this scene! to my ear still the sounds of the water-fowl; the noise of the more distant corn-crake, even the very hum of the water-gnat—and yet 'tis fifty years since!

The establishment at Castle Dillon when I became an inmate there was quite baronial. Let me record it. Butler, valet, two footmen, pantry-boy, man cook, kitchen man (to bring in fuel and water), coachman, two postillions, helper—eleven men; housekeeper, lady's maid, two housemaids, one kitchen maid, one dairymaid, one laundry maid, and a universal scrub—eight women—in all nineteen indoor servants regularly fed, besides "followers" of various kinds. Four carriage horses, two currie ditto, two for outriders

and a team of Connemara ponies! Over the stately and ugly stable dwelt the steward and his family—and also twelve orphans with a school-mistress in charge, who were clothed, fed and put out to service by Lady Molyneux. In the garden was the gardener and family. On Sunday evenings Sir Capel read prayers in the hall; and a most imposing assemblage it was, as above thirty-four servants and retainers, added to the members of the family and visitors, made a goodly congregation. There was a small organ in the hall, and generally after prayers the orphan girls remained and concluded the evening's performance with "hymns and spiritual songs"—in truth it was to a great extent a performance. Sir Capel was not what we call now a religious man; he considered religion a wholesome institution, and especially respected the Church of England. His manner, always singular and somewhat theatrical, was particularly so on these Sunday evenings. The intonation of his voice in reading prayers was quite solemn, and I am sure, when he stepped from the drawing-room and knelt on a cushion at a little table before its door, with his heavy silver candle-stick at each side of his book, his aspect was reverential and there was nothing but devotional reverence in his heart. Yet he was easily disturbed in his reading of the old-fashioned prayers, when often the then common habit of swearing broke out. Thus, suppose a solemn voice—"If we keep the day, we keep it unto the Lord —(Damn it, what makes that door creak?)—and if we keep it not—(I say shut that door)—but sleeping or waking we are the Lord's—(Damnation, will no one stop that noise?)." However, these were only the exceptions to a respectable and solemn service, and at its conclusion his bows to his servants as he backed into the drawing-room in old Court style were wonder-

ful. Catholic servants in those days attended prayers without hesitation—perhaps because proselytizing was not the fashion. I do not remember any attempts or even talk of converting others; there was no inquiry into the religion of servants, no difference made during the week, each servant went where he pleased without remark on Sunday. This referred to upper as well as lower servants: from Colligny, the female cook, and my Connaught nurse, down to the scullion, there was no difference made. Happy, happy system!

Sir Capel used to say to his wife, "My dear Margaret, I supped in Protestantism with my mother's milk, and it is that makes me leave the consciences of others free as my own."

"But, my dear Sir Capel, you never tasted your mother's milk, you had a Roman Catholic nurse who tormented me for money for many a day after I married."

"Perhaps—very true Ma'am, but you are always too matter-of-fact for any one of genius, and who knows but it was because I did not sup Protestant milk that I know how to be just to both parties."

The church which we attended on Sundays was Grange—the ground and aid to the building of which was given by Sir Capel's father. He himself built the spire or steeple, so effective in the landscape at that side of Armagh. He also built the gallery then existing for his own use; three square pews, gentlemen on one side, ladies on the other—the orphans in their purple stuffs, white linen handkerchiefs and straw bonnets, in the centre; they and a class of country girls (taught by my governess) singing the hymns and psalms—but never the canticles. The going to church was quite an hereditary parade. Sir Capel's father got over the one mile in the family coach drawn by four black horses, and tradition told that the Lady Molyneux of

his day once stole to church with a pair and the second pair was sent after her. It was still a parade in my childhood. The congregation, mainly composed of the tenantry, used to wait for Sir Capel's arrival; and when he passed through them as they stood at each side from the gate to the church, they followed him in. After church they waited in groups to see the family drive off, and were noticed individually as Sir Capel happened to observe them. "Well, Scott, how goes on the farm?" or "Have you hay for sale now Murray?"—and so on. The monthly parade of the Yeomanry Corps was then held in the churchyard after service, a strange custom, the men having appeared in church in uniform, or *regimentals* as was the phrase of the day. I might say, such as were Protestants attended; but in those days there were no Catholics in Yeomanry Corps, and it became understood in time that Yeoman and Orangemen meant the same. Nowadays when the distinction of ranks and classes is less defined and the religious idea more spiritual, this church parade and the mixture of the secular with the sacred must appear to have been only pomp and vanity, and religion itself only a ceremony. But when I think of the benevolence of this baronet, who drove a short mile to church with four horses, of the perfect toleration of his mind on all subjects, of his willingness to allow to others the same independence of opinion which he took himself, I feel convinced that when his tenantry stood aside at the church gate, the feelings of goodwill were reciprocal, and that whilst Sir Capel felt he was by position the friend and protector of these people, they looked to him as such in a spirit of independent dependence, if I may use so strange a term. The proof is that the few who remain to remember him do so with affection and respect; and his

goodness, his fairness, his harmless oddities, have become legendary talk upon the estate.

In all he was well supported by his wife. Naturally a woman's benevolence is more personal charity than a man's. The old women who every Christmas received her bounty in clothes and a dinner and half a crown to carry home, were but a type of her constant occupation. She was verily the landlord's wife in many ways now become obsolete by more complete social organization. She knew the joys and sorrows of every cottage within reach. In sickness or distress, cellar, store-room, medicine-chest, everything contributed to their relief and comfort. Dispensaries and clothing-clubs as well as Poor Laws were unknown; so that the demands were constant and heavy. Indeed, it would be difficult nowadays to explain how the country world got on without the co-operating plans of modern times, or now to realize the way in which then, charity, justice, road-making, everything depended on individual exertion (jobbing as it may have been). From this statement of the number of servants and followers at Castle Dillon it might be supposed that Sir Capel's fortune was very large, but it was not so. Even with the value of the demesne it did not then exceed £7000 a year Irish¹; but the habits of life as well as prices were very different. "The world" was less in motion. A few months in Dublin and at long intervals a visit to Bath or London alone interrupted the *vie au château*. Meat in those early days of the century was about 3d. per lb. If groceries were high—black tea 8s. a pound, and white sugar 18d. or 20d.—they were luxuries unknown downstairs except on high days and holidays. I know that the allowance Lady M. received

for household expenses was but £2000 a year and what she could make of the demesne, which she managed. The only thing excepted was wine. The house was as hospitable upstairs as down; not only were there state dinners to the neighboring gentry very often, but friends and connections from a distance were welcome and there were always representatives of the class of poor relations in the house. This recalls to my mind that Sir Capel's principles of toleration were severely tested by his cousins the Miss — (of long pedigree but short purse) becoming Separatists. He never could be reconciled to tenets which kept them from joining in his harmless prayers and parade, but when in course of time Lady Molyneux was infected by their opinions and declined to appear at the Sunday evening services, a main pleasure and pride of his life was gone; and for the first time to me was realized the evil of dogmatic religion, which so often drops the substance of Christianity in the attempt to grasp some illusory good or unauthorized influence.

As to the household habits and expenses of those days, in the first place, wages were very much lower than now: £30 to £35 a year the wages of a butler or valet, footmen £12 to £14, upper housemaid £8, lady's maid £12 to £14, kitchenmaid from £4 to £6. So early as 1813 I was cognizant of household arrangements, my aunt considering such knowledge a necessary part of education. I therefore know what the mode of feeding this large establishment was, and am also aware that the style was better than in any house in the neighborhood, except the Palace,² where the servants and habits were naturally English. At Castle Dillon there were but three meals daily in

¹ Sir Capel's fortune is understood to have been considerably greater. Probably the 7000 pounds refers to the Castle Dillon estate only.

² The residence of the Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of the then Established Church of Ireland.

the servants' hall. Breakfast of stir-about and milk at eight o'clock, meat dinner at two, and at eight in the evening bread and beer. I may remark here that I remember the word meat commonly used in the sense of food: thus, if one said *flesh meat* for dinner it was as distinguished from potatoes or vegetables, which were equally considered meat or food. The upper servants had tea for breakfast and supper by allowance—1 lb. to $\frac{1}{4}$ -st. sugar per head monthly—four allowances for every five people. I have no recollection in my very earliest years of anything but the three meals a day even in the housekeeper's room. A custom prevailed in many houses of giving what was called breakfast money, about 2s. a week, and supplying only dinner. Every messenger, every servant who called with a carriage, was offered refreshment. It was necessary always to have cold meat for these casual consumers. The market of Armagh was then very uncertain, and the custom was to kill from the demesne all that was required. Thus salted meat was the general consumption, and salt beef and cabbage the daily dinner three days out of four. Indeed, I have always found Irish servants prefer it to what they considered tasteless fresh meat. In those days nothing was known of house-fed cattle. At the end of the grass season at least a couple of bullocks were killed, and cured in various ways; the fattest pieces with saltpetre, and hung in cabin chimneys to dry—a very popular way of preserving it—hence called hung beef. It is scarcely possible to fancy any food more dry or unpalatable. The best quality of the fat was made into mould candles, and I think the family had only just escaped from the horrors of candle-dipping. I do not recollect brewing, and I know that the stronger beers were not given in the house, and even common beer by allowance. Any

further indulgence was always whiskey, which was given on Sundays and holidays in the hall, and glasses of raw spirits given as refreshment to messengers or tenants, as strong beer would be now or in England.

As to the living upstairs, the hours were very much earlier than now. I well remember dinner at about five o'clock. Of course there was no luncheon. Tea followed immediately, almost as part of dinner, and then supper at ten, which was brought in on a tray, or, when the party was large enough, on a long, narrow table, easily carried through the doors by two servants. This custom lingered long after the hour of dinner became later, and I think so lingered because suppers were congenial to the Irish character. How pleasant they were with their lively jokes and songs. But as the warnings of the clock were often not attended to, they were destructive of household regularity; and how the work downstairs was got through I do not know. My recollections are of daily confusion and weekly cleanings up, and nothing of the order and cleanliness which now prevails in the same class of house. There decidedly was not the same appreciation of cleanliness as now.

Recalling, again, the habitude of those times, I will mention the journeys as amongst the most remarkable contrasts to the present. Yearly we went to Dublin in November and returned in June, directly after the King's birthday (George III.) June 4. The first movement was the transit of plate, linen, and other household goods, with the trunks of the whole family, under the charge of old Johnston, a tenant who on these occasions acted as carrier. When the move was from Castle Dillon, salted beef, butter, and every transportable thing from the farm was added, to the extent sometimes of four cartloads, nor did the caravan end

here, for the under servants travelled with it—kitchenmaid, second housemaid, and a sort of general girl seated soldier-fashion on the baggage. Nor did this plan cease until Lady Molyneux discovered that the halts at carmen's inns were not very improving to manners or morals, and that the board and lodging until the fourth evening cost nearly as much as the stage-coach, now that there were rivals on the road. Sir Capel, of course, had his peculiar mode of travelling, he always went by himself, in his own particular chariot; his valet on the box and the interior packed with books, pistols, violin, and all sorts of things. He never went direct, diverged to towns and villages and inns that he liked, where he set up his music-stand and scraped away at Handel as vigorously as at home. He never joined Lady M. and the family until everything was unpacked and placed, and all domestic work again in gear. A capital plan, I think, for in general gentlemen are a most troublesome element in the moving process of a family. Lady Molyneux travelled in the large barouche drawn by her own four horses (a common practice in those days). It was followed by another carriage with the upper servants. The time consumed was two days and a half, involving two nights at inns, generally at Dundalk and Drogheda. The servants' carriage started somewhat later on the first day to gather up the forgets, and on the third went in advance to have matters in readiness for Lady M.'s arrival. The line of route had many changes in my time. My earliest recollection is of a place called the Mountain House, by which road we avoided Newry, going round the mountain to Dundalk. The next change was by Newtown Hamilton. To this succeeded Newry, and finally, up to the railway period, Castleblayney. The stage or stopping-place next to Dublin at my earliest

period was called the Man of War, a single house, and most comfortable inn. Its strange name, I heard, was adopted from the figure-head of a ship, which had been wrecked on the shore some distance off, having been put over the garden gate.

In those days the stoppage of carriages, and even of stage-coaches, by highwaymen was by no means rare. I cannot forget our terror on that winter journey to Dublin, as we approached Dunleer, whereabouts the exploits of a robber named Collier were well known; and again as we passed the ivied wall of Santry, within which desperadoes were reported to hide themselves. We were instructed what to do and say in case of attack. But alas! for the present interest of my reminiscences, we were never stopped, and "I have no story to tell." The next great change in our journeys was giving up the carriage horses and having posters, which divided the journey, sleeping at Dunleer or Castlebellingham. In the earlier period the "turns-out" from the inn yards were beyond measure ludicrous. Miss Edgeworth's description in, I think, "Ennui" was by no means exaggerated. I have seen the postillions or post-boys often with straw ropes round their legs. But the rate of travelling was not despicable considering the weight of the loaded vehicle and the state of the roads; and provided always that we were not stopped to tie the harness together with twine or to have a shoe replaced at a forge. Yet comparing the five Irish miles an hour, without these incidents, with the whirl now in three hours from Dublin to Portadown, it is easy to believe that half a century of time has passed in the interval. It is worthy of note that the beggars at the inn doors, especially at Drogheda, were legion. Two waiters had often to bully and buffet them to make a passage for us to the carriage. They were vociferous beyond

belief, praying or cursing in the most extraordinary phrases, and often as witty as impertinent.

The general habitude of intoxication must not be forgotten in the recollections of the beginning of the century, and to this the absence of strong beer and the common bonus of a dram to all comers, and "runners," as the phrase went, of course tended. Sober servants were scarcely looked for, and if they were but quiet in their cups or did not all get drunk at once, the infliction was endured. I remember a certain coachman named Bloomfield, who was condemned and pardoned at least once a quarter for seven long years; yet there was no security for horse, carriage or passenger when he went out; to part with him and get another was more likely to prove a change of hands than of practice, which, as he was a first-rate coachman when sober, would have been a direct loss. It was a common custom for guests to send to inquire if their coachman was sober before they started home. This was quite a chance, as the same hospitality was going on in the hall as in the parlor. I have heard the answer given, "He is steady enough to drive, and you have no ditches on your road," or, "He is not very bad, and the footman is sober!" How could this be otherwise when the custom of drinking was as common amongst the educated?

It was the common practice at dinner-parties for the gentlemen to sit to eleven and twelve o'clock over their wine. When six o'clock was the very latest dinner-hour this was no trifling time for libations as deep as long. Sir Capel could not take wine in this way, and he was laughed at for his early wish to join the ladies. However, he was not stingy of his wine, and when he knew he had thirsty souls to satisfy he used to ask some familiar friend to act for him and call for wine,

and very commonly he had gone to bed before the last of his guests appeared in the drawing-room, if they appeared at all. I remember the gentlemen generally avoiding the ladies altogether, and going from the table to their carriages, a servant discreetly whispering the fact to the wives. And yet these men would discharge a servant next day without a character if they proved tipsy on the same occasion! At these dinner parties port and madeira, handed round, then sherry, were the table wines; champagne rarely. The lighter Rhine wines were scarcely known; when given, each and every kind was called hock. Punch, as such, was scarcely known at such a table as Sir Capel's. I do not remember ever to have seen it. A liquor chest was always on the side-table, and occasionally put on the table; and the native then made its appearance with cherry brandy, shrub, and a mixture called pine-apple rum. Claret was the after-dinner wine, except for the "old hands" or hard heads who drank port by the bottle. My uncle Connell O'Donnell and many others, I remember, *never* took less than a bottle. The butler's lists of wine consumed the previous night was formidable. Early accustomed to "do clerk" for my aunt, I well remember the wine tickets; eight and ten bottles of port not an unusual entry after a dinner-party.

But in referring to these potations at even so quiet a table as that of Castle Dillon we must not pass over the wit which accompanied them, and I can remember the flow of anecdote, repartee and quotation which even before the ladies left the room seemed to enliven these parties. I say "seemed" because I am referring to the days of my childhood when I came in at dessert, as well as when I came to sit at the table. Sir Capel was an excellent classical scholar and a great Horatian, quoting him on every possible occasion; and of

course these came often at such feasts. I remember, when I was so small a being that Sir Capel would push back his chair and put me standing on his knee, that he once said I should so give a toast to the company (toasts being then a common practice), and holding in my little hand a bumper glass of claret, he prompted me to say, "Love and wine on a pretty boy's knee." What makes me remember this so accurately (and I do remember the very frock I wore and the individuals who were opposite to me) was that Lady Lifford, one of the guests (wife of the Dean of Armagh), when the ladies withdrew, told me I had said such a wicked thing and I was never to say it again. I do think I tried to remember it the more for this, and that my good aunt next day lectured her lord in my hearing about it, till he got angry and went out of the room, as usual clapping the door as a sign of displeasure. Ah, there is more wisdom in the saying, "*Glissez, mais n'appuyez pas,*" than half the world thinks. Had not such a fuss been made about this little incident, arising from a little Horatian after-dinner excitement on Sir Capel's part, I should not now recall it at the end of near sixty years.

Society seemed to me much merrier then—not coarse merriment, for Sir Capel was one of the most refined of men; but a sort of hearty enjoyment that (I hope I do not exceed the limits of feminine propriety in saying) may have a connection with "the bottle" which is not willingly acknowledged. Physically and physiologically wine is a stimulant; and wit seems to me a very natural result, and drunkenness *not* a necessary one. I have often thought that now this style of society has so much passed away, it might not be time lost to collect the best specimens of Drinking Songs. I do believe there might be found amongst them sentiments as noble, feelings as pa-

thetic, principles as patriotic as ever stirred the human soul. I would not dare to write this but that once, when less prudent, I said this in company, and was supported by a clergyman, who, with a good memory, was able to repeat songs with the names of the authors, and who, having knowledge of the two generations, gave his opinion in favor of the greater purity of those who loved wine for the wit which "sparkled in the glass." I do think much that is interesting might be included in a survey of the conviviality of those days when men lingered "over their bottle." I do not know what has replaced it, and I do not believe that there could be, as a general rule, the same wit without the wine. Whether it—the wit—cost too dear is quite another consideration. Is the world one whit more virtuous now? In this and all things the average is pretty much alike.

To return to my recollections. When there were no guests, Sir Capel being fond of children, I was very often left with, or rather sent to him to the dining-room after dinner. I was a very delicate child and I do believe the half-glass of wine he used to give me (with due injunctions not to tell) was of infinite service to my health. Perhaps to this is due my defence of wine and wit! He was a man of great literary taste and of what was then considered great travels, he used to tell me of authors and painters and patriots and the world of mind, where the sun shone in the Italy where he had passed many days. He certainly awoke in me a spirit of inquiry and I am now sure he talked to me in the fulness of his heart, having no one to sympathize with him in these subjects. For, as he afterwards said to me, "Your aunt is the best woman in the world, my dear Margery, but she does not care for these things, and was brought up in Connaught." Thus it was that I loved

the auntie for all that was loving and kind, but I looked upon Sir Capel as to me, at least, the witness of an unknown world, where all was music and painting and poetry and learning; and I longed to see and to hear and to think with others.

I could not in my earlier years estimate the extreme oddity of Sir Capel. He was eminently an eccentric character. From his birth what some people called *cracked*, but there was nothing insane about him. He distinguished himself at school and college, at the latter he was a frequent prizeman. He was sent afterwards to the then celebrated Academy of Turin, and there his natural taste for the fine arts grew into an appetite. I use the term, not to say "cultivated"; for nothing would have made him a good musician or a painter. His ear was imperfect, and he could not draw a straight line. But he appreciated both arts and got a general knowledge of their best effects. He learned to play the violin, had considerable execution, was a good timest, but never could detect the absence of accordance in sound; yet he was a fanatic, and the prey of all the concert-givers and foreign musicians. He valued the music more than the performance of it. His favorites were old Italian composers for instrumental, and Handel for vocal; and I well remember when our governess, Miss Griffiths, played the piano parts of the latter, he accompanying on the violin or listening, he would get into a rhapsody, call Handel the divine—declare he could not have heard higher musical conceptions in heaven. I have seen him when by himself read page after page of music, beating time and nodding with delight as a veritable pleasure, as a taking-in of what was before him. I have a thousand times since wondered why he was not a true musician; with all his knowledge and enthusiasm to me it is a phrenological

puzzle, unless the absence of the organ of tune was positive. When in good spirits it was a great pleasure to him to play the violin from the landing-place of a large staircase, he would put a chair on a table and on that his book, and play away for two hours or more with the greatest delight and with respectable execution, but the violin was so utterly out of tune that the very servants ran away from the sound. His musical passion cost him dear, for his father, who was utterly insensible to the arts, and cared more for an acre of land drained or a sheep fattened than for Handel and all the composers, was provoked at his eldest son being what he called a fiddler, and there was not any doubt his father became estranged from him for his musical and other eccentricities. Some time after Sir Capel's marriage, when at Bath, he offered to play at the public rooms against Zancewitz, a famous Polish violinist, for £100, the decision to be left to the audience. Lady Molyneux was so much afraid of the effect of this on his father that she gave Zancewitz £50 to decline the contest without giving a reason. Sir Capel always thought that the Pole was afraid of the musical encounter. The stories of Sir Capel and his violin were endless. One I remember, that when obliged to leave town during his courtship, he sent his violin to be deposited during his absence in that "Palladium of innocence, Miss O'Donnell's own bed-chamber!"

With all his eccentricities he was in many respects of high superiority of character, a man of the highest honor and charity, a most courteous gentleman (having "the graces" as he called that old courtier-like politeness), a clear-sighted politician and a devoted patriot in a period of unblushing corruption. He was a first-rate Latin scholar with great classical taste, but he never attained to a respectable po-

sition in mathematics. This was the more remarkable as so many of his ancestors were distinguished by scientific attainments, but to him descended their love of learning, of liberty and of country. Sir Capel very early adopted the principles of civil and religious liberty, and therefore supported the Catholic claims. He had been a strong anti-Unionist, and after his accession in 1797 to his estate he engaged in a contested election to give his vote against the measure. But he was defeated by Colonel Cope, who was supported by Government influence; and Sir Capel had only the tantalizing satisfaction of sitting in the House according to Irish custom until the petition which had been presented against the return was disposed of.³ He was a member of the political body known as the United Irishmen before it became a disaffected body to the Crown and when it included in its members such men as the Hon. George Knox, &c. The object seems to have been to raise Ireland to the same level politically as England. Certes, Sir Capel had no rebellious intentions, and I remember his telling that after several meetings of violent dissension, a well-known member called by the strange name of Napper Tandy rose and declared it was child's-play spending night after night in talk, and that the time was come to throw away the scabbard; "On which," said Sir Capel, "I thought the time was come for me to look for my hat, and having found it I retired and never again attended a meeting." Many of the members became involved in the rebellion which soon followed, and which undoubtedly precipitated the Union; and an association which certainly began in patriotic efforts for constitutional rights was scattered, and its members, however loyal individually, became objects of suspicion. Sir

Capel never fought shy of those whose zeal had carried them too far, as so many did; and whatever the rank of the individual he gave them a generous acknowledgment of former fraternity even at the risk of personal compromise. The horrors of the rebellion were followed by the corruption which secured the Union, and Sir Capel was so disgusted with the English Government in Ireland, though faithful to the English Crown and connection, that he resolved never to attend a levée at Dublin Castle or in any way to take part in Viceregal society. He carried this so far that when the Duke of Richmond, hearing of Sir Capel's eccentric agreeability, became anxious to know him, and, waiving all etiquette, invited him to dinner, he sent a refusal direct to the Duke. This he wrote at the Club to avoid Lady M.'s entreaties that he would go, and thus totally forgot that he should have addressed the A.D.C.s.

Brought up in a house where Irish feeling predominated, where patriotism was the ruling passion, and so soon after the Union that all its bitterness was still fresh, it is not to be wondered that I grew up with a horror of English rule and injustice, and thought "placemen and pensioners" were betrayers of their country. This was long before Celtic sympathies. Sir Capel, when he resolved not to follow the crowd to England, adopted for his motto *Patriæ infelici fidelis*, and dressed his servants in white and green, instead of his family colors and motto. He always supported Catholic claims, attended the earliest aggregate meetings, and considered that the Catholic party was lured into support of the Union by the inferential promise of emancipation. I recall distinctly, when he used to attend aggregate meetings and such like political gatherings, his

³ This election was in 1799, in the height of the Union controversy, to fill the vacancy in

County Armagh caused by Lord Caulfield's accession to the Earldom of Charlemont.

mentioning the name of O'Connell as a young barrister who gave high promise of eminence.

Such was the master of the house and fortune who took me from my own people and with whom my destiny was early cast.

The latter years of Sir Capel's life were spent entirely in Dublin. Some idea that Castle Dillon did not agree with my aunt, and some offence taken at General Molyneux, combined to induce him to sell the furniture, remove the books, and settle finally in Dublin, where he rented from Sir R. Shaw the house in Merrion Square which had belonged to the Earls of Antrim.⁴ Towards the close of his life he appeared little abroad, and after Lady M.'s death remained always in his two rooms; not from illness, but from dislike to submit to the assistance which age required in various ways. He disliked much furniture, had his bed in the middle of the room, and nothing could look to others more wretchedly uncomfortable. He delighted in Hogarth, whose prints were hung round,

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the one nearest to him being changed daily. I often thought how Hogarth's pencil would have sketched the oddities of the man and his rooms. Thus he continued his various readings; the books he had been reading the evening before the paralytic seizure which carried him off in a few days were a folio Virgil and Erasmus's "Praise of Folly"; his classical tastes following him to the verge of the grave. Now, near the close of my own life, five and thirty years after the death of Sir Capel,⁵ I look back on him as the most extraordinary character I ever met. Honor, courtesy, generosity, justice, deep charity, all existed, with much learning and considerable taste. But all put together in so strange a fashion, with such an impetuous temper in early life, that he was most eccentric, yet always respected and respectable. The fault of his character was, I think, that he was vindictive, and he certainly carried to the last the memory of trifles that had offended him in early life.

Margaret Caulfeild.

THE EMANCIPATION OF CECILIA MASON.

I.

"I should like to accept this," said Cecilia Mason, handing the invitation dutifully to her mother. Ten years ago, at least in country parts, children were still dutiful.

They were at lunch; both the meat dishes placed before Mrs. Mason, which perhaps was significant.

"Chicken or mutton, Cissie?" asked the lady, as she had asked everyone;

but to her maiden daughter she added, "you had better take mutton, my dear, it is more nourishing after your cold." Cissie took the mutton.

"No, my dear, no," said Mrs. Mason, when she had read the letter. "I don't like that kind of thing. Your cousins go about without a chaperon, but you know quite well I have never permitted it to my girls."

"But—" began Cecilia.

"Cissie," said her mother, "you are the only one of my daughters who has ever rebelled."

"You forget, mamma," said poor

⁴ Now 33 and 34 Merrion Square, North.

⁵ Sir Capel died in 1832; Mrs. Caulfeild, the author of this sketch, in 1878.

Cissie, "how old I am getting." She had an uneasy feeling that her cousins had thought she would do for the chapter.

"Nonsense, my dear. You look just as young as ever you did; and besides, age has absolutely nothing to do with it," said the mother with decision.

She was an admirable imperious woman, slightly deficient in reasoning power. She ruled her household with a rod of iron, and to Cecilia was a tyrant; for Cecilia was delicate, pretty, and a baby.

So at least thought Mrs. Mason; outsiders, however, did not apply these epithets to Miss Mason, for in mind and body she was exactly like everybody else, and had been a good many years younger than she was to-day.

"Change of air would, however, brace you before winter," reasoned Mrs. Mason, musingly. "I know what I will do. Jane Seaton gave you a standing invitation, Cissie, so I will ask her to receive you at once."

Cecilia sighed for her cousins and the fancy ball; but her mother always regulated her movements, and besides—well, she had a secret fancy for Charlie Seaton (who persistently fled from her as a dull person), and so, though without expectation of so much as seeing him, she consented to visit his not very interesting parents.

"Make yourself happy, my love," said Mrs. Mason, wrapping her daughter up for the journey. "Jane Seaton will be as careful of you as I am myself."

"Yes, mamma," said Cecilia, with a faint sigh, and took her place beside the elderly acquaintance travelling in the same direction, whose escort Mrs. Mason had requested for her daughter.

After they had started this lady made a remark.

"How kind of you, dear Miss Mason, to come with me. I feel quite lost when I have no one to look after me."

Cecilia blushed violently; she felt an imposter whose proper position is pointed out to her.

II.

The Seatons lived in a nice old house, in a nice old village a long way from everybody else. Mr. Seaton was vicar of a struggling agricultural parish, and he had a nice old church with Norman arches and a chained Bible, occasionally visited by bicyclists. It was a pretty place in the summer; and Cecilia had liked the garden when the roses were in blossom and the nightingales sang, and Charlie, home from sea, was digging and whistling lustily, and, alas! quite forgetting that there was a young lady visitor.

At present the garden was damp and disagreeable, the leaves had all tumbled off the trees, Charlie was at Chat-ham, Mr. and Mrs. Seaton had both grown old and rather stupid, and not one antiquary appeared to inspect the church. Cecilia took little walks by herself, and she made a sketch of the sleepy village across the sleepy stream and the sleepy old man who sat all day on the bridge caning a chair.

On the third day Mr. Seaton caught cold, and Mrs. Seaton (Jane) ran about after him with black currant tea; on the fourth a telegram came from their daughter-in-law to say that Philip, her husband, a busy professional man in another county, was alarmingly ill and wanted his parents.

Mrs. Seaton set off at once, of course; and when Cecilia offered to go home, replied fervently:

"On no account, my dearest Cissie! My husband requires someone to take care of him. You will remind him, dear, will you not, that his heart is weak?"

Cecilia, the helpless baby, saw Mrs. Seaton off in the train, and herself conducted the pony-carriage home. Two

terrors possessed her. If Tommy kicked, could she control him? And was she quite sure of the way?

However, she reached the Vicarage all right, and spent a peaceful evening with the vicar. They both forgot the currant tea, but he seemed none the worse. At prayers she had to play the hymn and lead the singing. Mr. Seaton fell a-coughing in the middle of the chapter, and pushed the book to Cecilia, who finished it for him. As she got into bed that night she said to herself:

"I don't believe mamma will like me to stay on here without Mrs. Seaton. She will imagine I require a chaperon."

III.

Next day her troubles began.

"Please, ma'am, the master says will you order dinner?" said the cook, very meek, and presenting a pile of pass-books. "The mistress always visits the larder and weighs the raw meat."

Cecilia had never been called ma'am before, and was half flattered, half offended. Also she knew nothing about housekeeping, and though she inspected the larder she allowed the cook to settle everything.

"She ain't no good," thought that observant personage. So dropping her meekness, and putting her arms akimbo, she planted herself before the young lady, and said:

"I'm going away to-morrow, ma'am."

"Going away?" gasped Cecilia.

"On my 'ollday. It's all settled with the missus."

"Oh, do pray wait till your mistress comes back?" said Cecilia.

"No, I can't wait. It's my sister's wedding."

"And—who will do the cooking?" ventured the visitor.

"That ain't my look out," said the cook. "I'm going at six A.M. to-mor-

row, for a fortnight, by the missus's orders. There!"

Cecilia fled. She consulted Mr. Seaton, but he looked quite helpless, and only said he did not like this new cook. Cecilia summoned the housemaid, who had been years at the Vicarage, and was gentle and elderly. Yes, it was quite true; the mistress had given cook a holiday, though not, Sarah thought, for a fortnight; Sarah would not like cook to think she had made any difficulties about her holiday. Cook was a bit nasty sometimes if interfered with.

"Well," said Cecilia, with decision (she was amazed by her own decision), "she must go, and we will get a substitute."

But Sarah knew of no substitute.

"Then," said Cecilia, still more decidedly, "you and I must just do the work ourselves."

"Yes, miss," said Sarah gently, and required advice about the milking and churning, and baking and washing, till Cecilia felt overwhelmed. She ordained that Freddy, the coachman, should churn; that the town baker should bake, and the village laundress wash; and then she sat down and wrote to her mother, admitting that her position was awkward, and that too much was expected of her.

Presently the old clergyman brought her a bundle of letters, most of them addressed to his wife; he looked very much harassed, and wanted instruction as to the answering of invitations to dinner, inquiries about Phillip, the character of a scullery maid, and the management of a needle-work guild. Cecilia undertook to write what was necessary, and sat down in trepidation.

Suppose she made mischief? Worse than Mr. Seaton would have done himself? This seemed scarcely likely, as she admitted with a smile; and she was very diligent for five minutes. Whereupon came Sarah with the tid-

ings that the village women had come for the medicines.

"What medicines?" cried Cecilia, aghast.

She had to dispense sundry cordials and liniments which frightened her out of her wits, and to listen to interminable stories about old Jones with the rheumatiz and the baby who had fallen into a saucepan, and the little girl with the brownkitis; and as Mrs. Seaton was away, wouldn't the young lady come herself and see how all these persons were a-doing?

They lived a long way off, and the weather was stormy and extraordinarily cold for November. Cecilia felt sure her mother would not wish her to go out at all; but Mr. Seaton gave her a dozen messages in contrary directions, so she threw in the sick people as well, and walked miles, and read the Bible to Jones, and prescribed for the children, and hoped no one would detect her inexperience.

The day seemed one long battle, and she was most thankful when it came to an end and she slept the sleep of the just.

Next morning there was a strong gale blowing, with occasional showers of fine peppery snow, already drifting about alarmingly. Cecilia was dressing, and reflecting upon the truly dreadful life Mrs. Seaton must lead, when she heard a shriek, and then the old housemaid running about and calling her. She flew downstairs in her dressing-gown.

Gentle Mr. Seaton, making the coffee as was his wont, had received a telegram to say his son was sinking fast, so down he fell flat on the floor in a faint; and Sarah, beside herself with terror, tried to revive him with her own cup of tepid tea fetched from the kitchen. How Cecilia had to bestir herself to find brandy and sal volatile, and even a mere glass of water, all the time thinking the poor man dead, for though

she had once or twice fainted herself, she had never been suffered by her mamma to witness so agitating a performance.

"You do keep your head most wonderful, miss!" said Sarah, admiringly; and the young lady felt a little comforted, and addressed herself to making the coffee in a very complicated coffee-pot while the now recovering clergyman mourned for his son.

"I must go to him at once!" he said. "And to his poor young wife, just expecting her baby; and to my poor Jane who will be heartbroken. Our beloved Philip! our eldest! our pride! Ring the bell, my kind Cissie, and order the carriage to take me to the train."

"Mr. Seaton," said Cecilia, "you are surely not going to travel in this weather, with your weak heart, and that dreadful cold?"

"I must go to my poor boy," mourned Mr. Seaton.

Cecilia hastily despatched Sarah for the doctor to forbid this mad journey. Then (the cook having gone) she herself boiled the eggs and kept Mr. Seaton quiet by packing his portmanteau. No one who has not tried, knows the difficulty of finding the right saucepan in a strange house; and how can a modest young lady guess the number of dressing-gowns and shirts an elderly clergyman will require to wear at a death-bed?

But alas! Freddy and the pony-carriage were ready long before Sarah had returned with the doctor, and Cecilia, having no authority over her host, had to let him depart. At the last minute, remembering that it was Saturday, she inquired what would happen tomorrow about church.

"Oh," said Mr. Seaton, with composure, "I am glad you thought of that. Providentially—it is quite providential, Cissie—my old friend Hardy is coming this afternoon for a few days. You

will explain the circumstances, and he will take the Services. You, my good little girl, will superintend the Sunday School."

"No, no"—began Cecilia, but he continued in the same placid abstracted voice:

"If, as I fear, my poor boy dies, I shall bring him to lie in our own churchyard, and I shall ask you to make all arrangements for the funeral—"

"Mr. Seaton"—began Cecilia, but he was gone; and, now absolutely alone, she sat down on the hearthrug the picture of perplexity. The care of the house was bad enough; now she had the care of the church as well, and the arrangements for a funeral; no cook, a snowstorm, and a totally strange man coming upon her as a visitor. She sighed and shook her head dolorously. Then she smiled; the stranger would surely be less of a charge than the gentle, coughing, fainting Mr. Seaton!

She jumped up, and addressed herself to work, wondering much whether Freddy had milked the cow before starting with his master. And now she actually laughed a real merry girlish laugh; for at least no one could expect her to milk cows or to preach sermons. She ran gaily upstairs and made the beds.

Sarah returned presently, very cross with the snow, and saying she had taken a chill and must bathe her feet and make herself some tea; the doctor was also cross at having been fetched for nought. But Cecilia appeased them both and gave a quite erroneous impression that she was a cheerful, capable sort of person, experienced in catastrophes.

And then, Mr. Seaton having carried off all the household keys, she spent fifty-six minutes trying to open the linen-press that she might find sheets for the strange clergyman's bed. With a corkscrew and a hairpin, she suc-

ceeded at last and clapped her hands in triumph.

Then Freddy returned and brought her a message scribbled by Mr. Seaton as he was stepping into the train.

"I have telegraphed to Charlie, bidding him come home at once."

Unhappy Cecilia! She jumped to her feet and walked up and down the room in the greatest indignation. The tiresome, blundering, ridiculous old man! Charlie, of all people in the world! Charlie!

Of course, she had often been glad to see Charlie (to admire him from afar); but really at this moment, when she was so entirely in a false position, there was not a human being whose observation she desired less than that of the already contemptuous sailor.

"I won't stay!" said Cecilia; "mamma would not wish it. I will go straight off home! I won't be here to see him; I won't, I won't! Nothing shall induce me! I had rather, much rather, never see him again in my whole life!"

She blushed crimson, and stamped her foot; Charlie would perhaps imagine that she had asked for him!

She ran out to Freddy to consult him at once about trains for her homeward journey.

Now factotum Freddy was deaf by nature, and deafer by design, so that conversation with him was always irritating. Cecilia made him a long explanatory speech, and, at its end, he put his face close to hers and said: "Eh?" very slowly.

She said it all over again with great clearness and good temper; then he said, "Eh?" again.

After ten minutes, however, he condescended to reply.

"No; Tommie don't go twice to the station in this weather. You must wait till to-morrow; and play the organ in church, too, for the organist's childer got the scarlet fever, and if he dares to come to the church, I'll walk out."

"I am returning home, I tell you!" cried Cecilia.

"Then you'll walk to the station," said Freddy, "and carry yer box."

"You must get me a cart," said Cecilia.

"Eh?" said Freddy, very slowly.

"*You must get me a cart,*" shouted Cecilia.

"I ain't a-going outside this blessed place no more to-day," said Freddy, who was polishing a bit of harness as if his life depended on it.

Cecilia went in; packed her trunk and waited on Fortune. After a solitary lunch she made a cake; and at three, offended by the gloom of the snowy November day, she shut the shutters. Then Mr. Hardy, the strange clergyman, came, and she ran forth eagerly to meet him. He was arriving in a cab. Joy! that cab should carry her away! But the cabman, alarmed by the drift round the gate, refused to come further; Mr. Hardy got out, paid him, and walked up the drive; the vehicle hurried away before Cecilia could make her desires known. She felt half relieved, then disappointed; then relieved again. She would have to stay till to-morrow! It could not be helped.

Mr. Hardy advanced, carrying his bag. Alas! another frail-looking old man, with a limp. "He is not able-bodied at all!" sighed Cecilia, and wished herself clear of the whole business; then again felt inclined to see it through.

She stood at the door holding a lamp, and seeming very hospitable and pleasant. Mr. Hardy, mounting the steep hall door steps, looked up and wondered who she could be.

Looking up was a blunder. It had snowed, and thawed, and rained and frozen again, and the steps were a sheet of ice. When he looked up he shifted the centre of gravity, his feet flew from under him, and away he

and the Gladstone bag rolled to the bottom of the steps and out into the snowdrift.

How Cecilia picked him up and got him into the house she never could remember. At any rate no one came to her assistance; and the good man had sprained his leg, and was manifestly much shaken and more than half-stunned.

IV.

It was five o'clock and pitch dark. The last train from London was in and Charlie Seaton had not arrived. "That's a mercy!" Cecilia told herself; and thought she meant it. It was raining; and a pipe had burst, which Freddy was mending with much fuss and manifest incapacity. Drip, drip, drip! was still coming through the ceiling and splashing into the baths and foot tubs which Cecilia had collected and placed on the stairs to receive it.

Sarah was very busy holding a candle for Freddy; so Cecilia had been to the kitchen and prepared refreshments for Mr. Hardy, the strange clergyman, whose leg she had bandaged with vinegar poultices and who now lay on the sofa looking much exhausted. He had, however, the dangerously brilliant eye of the enthusiast, and he accepted Cecilia's ministrations as a matter of course.

"And so, my dear Miss Mason," he said, sipping his tea, "Seaton expects me to take the Services to-morrow. But I am unprepared; I have no sermons with me, and this unhappy leg may prevent my getting to church at all. I know this leg; I have met with the accident before. It is not dangerous, but it makes me a cripple. What do you propose to do?"

"Really," cried Cecilia, "I am not the person to settle it! What do I propose to do? In such weather no one will

come to church, so I suggest we have no Service at all!"

Mr. Hardy smiled seraphically.

"That is a most natural remark on your part, dear Miss Mason," he said, "but a minister of Holy Church allows himself no such easy escape from difficulties. Rather than deny the bread of life to even one poor soul who comes expecting it—through the snow, the dear earnest creature—I will be carried to church in a litter, and read the Service on my back. Let me see—poor Seaton will expect some reference in the sermon to what I fear by that time will be his bereavement, and I remember the dear man always preaches in a black gown. It is antiquated, but I must respect his wishes. Can you find me the black gown, my dear Miss Mason?"

"I don't think so," said Cecilia, "and I really doubt, Mr. Hardy, whether you are fit to officiate. Mr. Langbridge of Flowerton, the next parish, has a curate, I think; could we not borrow him? But the misfortune is I have no messenger. Freddy is plumbing, and he says the snow has got into the roof and he must clear it out. That means, of course, that he does not choose to go to Flowerton! and Sarah is too old; and to send to the village for a boy is equally difficult, for the bridge over the stream is blocked with the drift, and the next bridge is two miles off. I have that on the authority of the butcher who has only now arrived with our dinner! There never was such a chapter of accidents. I had hoped Charlie—Lieutenant Seaton—would have been here to help us; but he has evidently missed the train. So there we are!"

Mr. Hardy pondered for a few minutes, and his dangerous eye shone brighter.

"I must pray for strength to do my own work," he said, and then patted Cecilia's wrist with an inspiring smile. "If my daughter were here,"

he went on, "she would just put on her snow boots and trip off herself to Flowerton. She would think nothing of it. She is young and strong, you know, like you."

Cecilia left the room, feeling exasperated.

"I'm not strong!" she said quoting her mother. "I'm not young," she added, quoting herself. "And all this bother is no concern of mine!"

Nevertheless, she began slowly lacing her boots, and putting on goloshes and pinning up her skirt. And she overcame the tendency to cry, and presently burst out laughing. If only her mother could see her! Her mother, who always sent the brougham, if she went to a tea-party five minutes' walk from home!

"Freddy," she put on her sternest air, "as you refuse to take Mr. Hardy's message, I am going to do it myself. Get me the pony carriage, if you please, and show me the road to Flowerton."

"Eh?" said Freddy, peering up in her face.

He had cleaned his carriage for Sunday, and had not the remotest intention of getting it out again. But Cecilia's courage rose to battle, and when he said "eh?" she merely repeated her words louder.

"I ain't so deaf as that," said Freddy, beginning to escape up a ladder into the roof. Cecilia seized his coat-tails and dragged him down again.

To get rid of her, Freddy proposed a compromise. The lady could ride if she chose. He'd do this much, he'd put th' old side-saddle on Tommie.

"Very well," said Cecilia, so anxious to close the discussion that she hardly observed what she was consenting to. She had been on a horse a few times in the course of her life, and this cold night exercise would perhaps do her good. At least she hoped so. She set forth, and for a time had

a pleasant sense of adventure and heroism. And whenever she thought of her mother she laughed. But oh—oh—the unwillingness of Tommy after the first quarter of a mile! And what a hideously uncomfortable saddle, and the steed slipped on the ice; and oh, horrors! it was beginning to snow again, not the dry peppery snow which flew away the moment it fell, but great, wet, heavy flakes blinding her eyes, making her shiver, and rapidly covering up everything—the high road, and the bridle-path alike.

"How extremely silly I was to attempt it!" sighed Cecilia. However, she persevered; and now here she was, arriving at Flowerton Rectory; a much larger and smarter place than Mr. Seaton's modest parsonage. She scrambled down from Tommie's back, and when a pompous man-servant opened the hall-door, nervously endeavored to explain who she was and what she wanted.

Most unmercifully he stared; then shrugged his shoulders and conducted her to the drawing-room.

V.

Cecilia, as she entered, got a vision of herself in a looking-glass. In her goloshes, covered with melting snow, her skirt crushed by the saddle and here and there pinned up, her cheeks blue, her hands swollen, one plait of her hair fallen down, her hat on one side, dragged and wet—she was the most forlorn figure imaginable; and the party of laughing comfortable people upon whom she intruded, gazed at her in uncontrollable astonishment.

The fat handsome Rector lounged on a sofa reading a magazine, two brightly-dressed girls and a big schoolboy were playing with a dog before the fire; another girl, a cousin just arrived from London, and still in her smart travelling clothes, a bewitchingly

pretty, naughty-faced damsel, was flirting hard, very hard with a young man, who "accidentally on purpose" had met her in the train and brought her to her uncle's house on his way somewhere else. For a minute Cecilia saw nobody but this young man; for it was Charlie Seaton.

Then she recognized the girl. Oh yes! Mildred Ogilvy of course! a minx; a modern, fashionable frivolous young woman, detestably charming to Charlie. Cecilia wished she could sink into the earth for shame. And the most painful thing was that Charlie did not recognize her. In appearance she was so exactly like everybody else, that she was often unrecognized; and explaining who you are is a weariness to the flesh, especially explaining to handsome naval officers you secretly admire.

Cecilia could not bring herself to address Lieutenant Seaton, but she walked over to the portly Rector, her voice shaking, her tongue stammering, and delivered her communication.

"Mr. Seaton has gone away. Mr. Hardy has sprained his leg. Please, I want your curate."

So extraordinary, so wild and incoherent did her tale sound, even to herself, that she fully expected to be hunted away as an imposter. Indeed, Mr. Langbridge was manifestly incredulous, and the girls tittered.

But wonders will never cease! Presently Lieutenant Seaton got up, tore himself from the lovely Mildred, approached Cecilia, and shook hands with her.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Mason," he said quite courteously, "I did not see it was you. How good of you to come out for my mother on such a night!"

Then he returned to Miss Ogilvy, and Cecilia heard the detestable girl whisper derisively:

"England expects every man, etc., etc."

"My curate?" said the sumptuous Rector, lifting his eyebrows in astonishment. "It is certainly unfortunate, but that is impossible. He has both Services here to-morrow. You see I am laid up; I have a cold; I am not permitted to leave the house."

Cecilia did not see. She did not believe in the cold. But her one wish now was to escape. She had fulfilled her mission, and she had absolutely no interest in whether it were successful or not. She formed a poor opinion of Mr. Langbridge, and only half listened to some babble he poured forth by way of softening his refusal. He was offering dinner or something in a half-hearted cold sort of way; but Cecilia rose with spirit, and she hoped with dignity.

"I will go home at once," she said, "we shall have no difficulties to-morrow, I assure you. Good-bye, Mr. Langbridge, and thank you."

There was irony in her tone, and the clergyman felt suddenly ashamed of himself; Charley also pricked up his ears and felt no admiration for Miss Ogilvy's amusement.

"Wouldn't you like to drive Miss Mason home?" whispered that young lady. "England expects, etc., etc."

Charlie frowned; naturally, thought Mildred, he would frown at the notion of accompanying Cecilia!

"Oh, I am going to walk," he said carelessly, "I will ask Miss Mason to let me just put my traps in the carriage."

Should Miss Mason suggest a wish for his company he fully intended to acquiesce. However, she said nothing, and he left the room to collect his belongings. When Charlie Seaton (Mildred—the little hussy—following him) appeared with the traps in the hall, they found, to their great marvel, that Cecilia had not come in the pony carriage at all. She was endeavoring, with the assistance of the inexperi-

enced and sulky servant, to arrive upon Tommie's back; Tommie, who would not stand still! The man never pushed when the lady jumped, and two or three attempts ended in conspicuous failure. And there was Mildred's laugh again!

"If you will kindly let me alone," said Cecilia tartly to her assistant, "I am certain I can do it myself!"

"Let me try!" cried Charlie, who for some reason was nearly as much vexed as the lady.

"Dear, dear!" cried little Miss Ogilvy's merry voice, "hadn't we better send for a ladder?"

But Cecilia had got her toe in the stirrup, and in sheer desperation she leaped to the saddle. Tommie at once set off at full gallop, the lady (reins all unassorted) clinging in terror to his mane, and escaping overtarrow by a miracle.

"Did you ever in all your life see such a ridiculous woman!" cried Mildred, flinging herself on the Chippendale settle, and laughing till the tears ran down her cheeks. Charlie kicked his rug bundle viciously and looked extremely cross. Mildred was a heartless little wretch; this was the fourth time to-day that he had noticed it!

VI.

At the cross roads stood Cecilia, holding Tommie's bridle; in darkness, loneliness, and despair, she burst into tears. The pony had become lame as Mr. Hardy; the snow had obliterated every landmark; uncertain of the way, she could not read the signpost. And, question of questions, having descended from her sidgety steed, would she, entirely unaided, ever attain to his back again? She pictured herself wandering all night on the wrong road, leading the limping Tommie.

"But I won't go back," she told herself. "I would rather perish in the

snowdrift than go back to those odious, horrible people!"

Just then someone, traps in hand, jumped over a little gate from the Rectory fields. "I thought I should catch you up!" cried a cheerful voice.

"Oh—Mr. Seaton," said Cecilia, turning her back on him, and swallowing her sobs.

"Is anything the matter?" he asked, hastening to her side with great concern; "have you had a fall?"

"No," said Cecilia, ungraciously. "He has—a stone—in his foot."

Charlie suspected her tears, but greatly as they distressed him, he ventured no remark. Lifting Tommie's foot, he operated in silence, then remounted Cecilia with an ease astonishing to them both.

"What can my mother have been about to send you on such an errand?" exclaimed Charlie, who was really a chivalrous person.

"She didn't," said Cecilia, not trusting her voice for a long sentence.

Oh! how hideous she felt! her face the color of a candle, her eyes red, her hair (she had pretty hair) in disorder, her dress soaked! She thought with flaming jealousy of the trim and lovely Mildred, whose image was doubtless dancing before Charlie's eyes, whose laughing call for a ladder was doubtless resounding deliciously in his ears, as it echoed most discordantly in her own! She was aware, however, of her ungraciousness, and presently resumed:

"Your mother is not at home, Mr. Seaton, nor your father either; haven't you heard?"

"No," said Charlie, "I haven't."

"There's only I and a lame clergyman. I've had to do everything. Of course, I shouldn't have come if there'd been any one else."

"But it was heroic of you to come!" cried Charlie.

"No, it wasn't! It was a stupid thing to do!" (She was beginning somehow

to feel the humor of the situation.)

"Mr. Hardy suggested it. It was all his fault. Mr. Seaton, I really wish you had stayed at Flowerton for dinner. You'll get a very bad one at home. The cook has gone to a wedding, and the butcher was late, and Sarah is stupid, and I can make nothing but cakes."

"I love cake," said Charlie, solemnly. And then they both burst out laughing, and Cecilia felt better.

"Miss Mason," said the sailor, recovering his gravity, and terribly afraid she might think he was laughing at her, "you have not explained what has become of my people. I just had a wire asking me to turn up to-night—no more. I didn't suppose there was any hurry, so I thought—well—I thought I ought perhaps to see Miss Ogilvy home—as—as we had met in the train." He stammered and colored, hanging his head, and seeming quite ashamed of himself.

Cecilia had meant to say something spiteful about Mildred, but nothing sufficiently witty occurred to her; moreover, the flames of animosity, rampant a few minutes before, had unaccountably died down.

"Your father has become rather forgetful, Charlie," she said, and then blushed violently. They had known each other as children, and Christian names were merely an old habit, but Cecilia was horrified by her relapse into it.

"I know, Cissie, I know," said Charlie sadly. "The dear old man!"

There was a short silence, and they both somehow liked each other better.

"Of course, you know your brother is ill?"

"No, I don't. My brother? Philip?"

"He is very ill. The last telegram seemed almost hopeless. They have gone to him."

Charlie arrested the pony, and looked up at her in amazement, his face

grown pale with emotion. "Dying? Philip?" he repeated blankly.

Cecilia marvelled, for she had not imagined that Charlie cared much about anyone in the world, except Mildred Ogilvy.

"We—haven't seen much of each other since we were little chaps," faltered Charlie, "but—well, you know what I mean—I'd give anything to hear he was better!" and after a minute, encouraged by Cecilia's sympathy, though she said very little, he cried: "I wish to goodness I had come straight home this afternoon! I shouldn't have gone amusing myself all day, if I had guessed at anything like this!"

VII.

Next morning the snow was gone; it was quite warm, and the sun shone out brightly. Truly the umbrella-maker is right, who talks in his advertisement of "our eccentric climate!"

A telegram reported some improvement in Philip, and Cecilia had a letter from her mother bidding her return home at once, her position being unseemly, and not what dear Jane's customary thoughtfulness ought to have permitted.

Cecilia tossed the letter into the fire and had not the smallest idea of obedience. She was making arrangements for Sunday school and church, and she overheard Mr. Hardy saying to the sailor, who ran about hither and thither at her bidding—

"My dear sir, what a comfort it is when a woman has a head on her shoulders!"

Cecilia, praised and obeyed, in her Sunday frock, and hoping she looked cheerful and tolerably nice, heard a little noise outside and went to the window. Alack! what did she behold? A most disturbing vision!

In a beautiful new riding habit, on a beautiful chestnut horse, herself

more beautiful than ever before, Mildred Ogilvy! and Charlie already appearing on the steps to talk to her! Of course—of course! Oh, the minx! the huzzy! the horrid, forward, selfish, charming little puss!

But Miss Mason must come out and speak to her, looking smiling and hospitable, and obliterating all show of rancor.

"Oh!" said the girl, springing lightly to the ground. "I was so anxious to hear how your brother was, Mr. Seaton, I thought I must come and ask." No one, however, responded to her inquiry, for she gave no time. Merely nodding at Cecilia, who had offered her hand, she rattled on: "How do you like Uncle Otto's new horse? I bribed the groom to saddle him for me, and sneaked out without telling anyone—I came to show you how nice I look on horseback!"

"Yes, you look very nice," said Charlie. Cecilia thought there was a touch of contempt in his tone, and felt glad that he had never spoken to her so.

"Have you got a decent mount?" continued Miss Ogilvy, "if so you may come for a ride. I told my uncle I wasn't going to church—I said I'd a headache. Imagine his face when he sees me come cantering up on his best horse and with you, sir! But have you a horse?"

"Yes," replied the sailor, "Tommie!"

"Pouf! Do you suppose I'd be seen within a mile of Tommie! Mount me at once, sir, if you please!"

She was in the saddle in a twinkling and trotting down the little avenue. Then she quickened her pace, leaped the gate, turned after a few yards, and returned in the same style, making the horse prance and curvet like a knight of old.

"Could you and Tommie have done that, Miss Mason?" she asked innocently. "But forgive me; I am sure you

never go in for any frivolities. Well, look here, sir," she turned to Charlie again. "You'll have to walk over. I give you a rendezvous at the garden gate at twelve. I particularly wish to bring you into the house myself!"

"Charlie," said Cecilia, in a low voice, "you won't desert Mr. Hardy, will you? After Service—you will have plenty of time still to get to Flowerton for lunch."

"Twelve o'clock, Lieutenant Charles, at the garden gate."

"No," he replied, "I am going to church."

Mildred laughed and laughed, and danced about on the horse; she was a pretty creature; and Cecilia would have given her eyes to be like her.

"Twelve o'clock at the garden gate —"

"Oh, you mustn't ask him!" cried Cecilia, "he has got to read the lessons. Please, Miss Ogilvy, don't ask him."

"Read the lessons! How delightfully funny! Lieutenant Charles Seaton, R.N., reading lessons! I don't believe he knows how to read! Charley, don't allow yourself to be made ridiculous. Come along—on Tommie, even. Twelve o'clock at the garden gate——"

Cecilia could not see his face, but she felt he must be yielding. However, he only said:

"England expects, etc., etc., Miss Ogilvy."

Whereupon the girl jumped to the ground, and pushed the bridle into his hand. "Take him away to the stable," she said. "I'm coming to church with you. I wish to hear you read lessons. Thank you for telling me, Miss Mason. And Lieutenant Charles, I'll have a bet with you—a box of sweets (Fuller's)—I'll make you laugh long before you have arrived at 'Here endeth number one.'"

"Charlie!" murmured Cecilia, with an imploring face.

The Service proved ridiculous enough

to a person of Mildred's make. The lame clergyman hobbled about with a stick, and Cecilia's organ-playing was unintelligible to the congregation, who got hopelessly away from her in the chants. The black gown was inside out, or upside down, or something all wrong, and only a man with the temperament of a martyr could have ventured to show himself in it. Charlie was unused to reading aloud, and boggled over a list of names in his first chapter, and confused the argument in the second. And in the front pew sat the lovely Mildred, smiling at him. But as, very unwillingly, he had gone to his post, he had looked not at her but at Cecilia, and something he had seen on her face kept him steady. Cecilia heaved a sigh of relief. It was her responsibility, this Service.

Mildred went back to Flowerton, discomfited, alone, and in a very bad temper. Charlie was astounded by her rudeness and ill-humor.

"You aren't going to stop here all day with that stupid creature, are you?" said the young lady, as he mounted her on the fine horse.

Charlie's eye flashed.

"Miss Mason is a very old friend of mine," he said angrily. "No one who knows her could possibly think her stupid."

"So much for your taste," said Mildred Ogilvy. She had a spur on her little heel, and she dug it savagely into her horse's side and galloped off, drops of blood from the innocent animal marking her course. Charlie watched her with offended eyes.

Then he saw Cecilia coming towards him, and he turned with a smile. But tears stood in her eyes, which seemed to him very soft and kind in their grieving sympathy. She carried a telegram.

"I am so sorry to give you this," she said, gently; "Charlie, your brother is dead."

VIII.

They brought poor Philip to lie among his forbears in the little churchyard, but his young widow was unable to travel, and her mother-in-law remained with her. Cecilla Mason, the only lady in the house, played hostess to the funeral party, which was large, for Philip Seaton had been a man of many friends. Charlie alone knew all the difficulties she had to surmount, beginning with the trivial fact that there was a servant short. She managed everything beautifully, and was indispensable to poor old Mr. Seaton, who required much quiet prompting, steering, strengthening, consoling, to get him through the day at all. When everything was over, and the guests were gone, and only he, his son, and Cecilia were left in the house, Charlie overheard him say to her:

"My dear little girl, you have proved

Temple Bar.

an angel unawares. I fancy, my dear, that you are just what my daughter might have been, had she lived to grow up."

And Charlie, who had been very fond of this twin sister, thought it a most happy observation.

* * * * *

Six months later Mr. Langbridge of Flowerton was talking to the lame Mr. Hardy.

"So I hear Charlie Seaton has got his promotion and is going to be married. But what a strange choice he has made! Miss Mason must be as old as he is himself, and she is such a *very* ordinary person."

"Well," said Mr. Hardy, "I hear she has astonished her mother, which looks as if she tries to follow the fashion. My dear Mr. Langbridge, I can only tell you that I have the highest possible opinion of 'the ordinary person.'"

Katharine Wylde.

 ARCADY.

We have been told over and over again that a millionaire is not always a happy man, but we find it difficult to believe this. We cannot help remembering having heard that an ounce of personal experience is worth a ton of theory, and this is just the kind of theory we would gladly try in practice for ourselves, just to make sure. So unnatural does the statement seem to us that we are not even prepared to take the millionaire's own word for it that his wealth brings him no happiness and only gives him board and lodging like any other man. We are inclined to think that it must be the man's own fault, for a dissatisfied and grumbling disposition would make a man quarrel with his fate even if he were a beggar.

And yet, if happiness, as some philosophers say, is only to be realized under conditions of the utmost simplicity, it follows that the possession of millions, with all the vexations they entail, is not so much to be envied. This is perhaps the reason why so many of us, when the hopeless pursuit of phantom wealth begins to pall, sigh for a simple Arcadian existence, where millions cease from troubling and the wealthy can be at rest. In Arcady a million more or less would not add to or detract from a man's enjoyment of life; we are all alike there. The blue sky, a couch of dry aromatic leaves (leaves are always aromatic in Arcady) under a spreading oak, a few bare necessities of life such as:

A book of verses underneath the
bough,
A jug of wine, a loaf of bread—and
Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!

Quite so; no reasonable man wants more. "The thoughtful Soul to Solitude retires," further remarks Omar the Tentmaker; but before we follow his advice and make up our minds to go, let us first make quite sure that we know where Arcady is, and that it is really such a pleasant place as poets try to paint it. Surely it is not out of place to give a word of warning here;—put not your trust in poets; more misleading guides you could not well find. They love the beautiful; they see it where less gifted mortals would not dream of looking for it; in search of material they are tempted to idealize the commonplace; they labor under the disadvantage of having to suppress the truth if they cannot make it rhyme. An examination of the works of ancient and modern singers shows us that in consequence of the scarcity of pleasant subjects they have been obliged to misrepresent less pleasant matters to an alarming extent. We know Pan was worshipped in Arcady, and nothing could be more charming than a god peacefully piping while his worshippers paid the piper, in other words neglected their business for the sake of singing and dancing to his tune. But on the other side of the medal we find it inscribed that they offered human sacrifices in Arcady, a less charming fact of the highest importance to intending Arcadians, which however no poet ever thinks of mentioning! The happy Arcadians were also rather stupid, their name being in ancient times the equivalent of our modern Hodge; and prosaic history, unfeeling as a census return, unmindful of poetic requirements,

plainly tells us that the simple life of the Happy Valley so palled on some of the inhabitants that they engaged themselves as mercenary soldiers to serve in foreign parts. "Anything for a change," said the Arcadian, but the poets are silent on these very suggestive facts. In short, there is a greater analogy between poetry and the prospectus of a Limited Liability Company than appears on the surface, and if we wish to invest in Arcadian property we must do so with our eyes open.

There is something exquisitely humorous, a mingling of laughter and tears, in the Neo-Paganism of the day, in the longing expressed by many otherwise sensible people for a return to Nature, to a state of things which more or less prevailed when wild in wood the noble savage ran. Of necessity the longing is of a vague and undetermined nature, for it is exceedingly difficult, almost impossible in fact, to choose one's period or epoch. A very primitive existence was not altogether enviable; the original wild nobleman was not happy, far from it; no one who has seen it will ever forget the picture once exhibited in one of the London galleries, showing a startled savage of the period turning the corner leading to his secluded cave and coming unexpectedly on a lion eating his wife! Such things did happen in Arcady, and were drawbacks not mentioned in the prospectus.

This constituted a fatal disadvantage, for we cannot live alone in Arcady. Although Robinson Crusoe had his island to himself and was not troubled by modern civilization beyond the limited assistance he could derive from the wreck, no one, we imagine, ever considered his life as one of primitive or idyllic happiness. He put up with it because he could not help himself, and bore it with a resignation in which there was nothing

Arcadian. It would have been insufferable without the charm and the glamor of the tropics. Singularly enough, such climatic conditions, tacitly implied by the disbelievers in civilization who aspire to a more natural life, actually prevailed in Great Britain when the noble savage and the hairy elephant ran concurrently, or after one another; it is so long ago that their relative positions cannot be ascertained, but we may probably take it for granted that the noble savage ran first, in that happy country of the poet's dream.

Our climate is now unsuitable for pastoral simplicity; it is as well to remember that, though we need no more fear the elephant, his place is quite adequately filled (with but the change of a letter or two) by the elements. Our tramps, wise in their generation, lead an ideal and primitive life just so long as the weather is fine; in winter they take to the highly civilized and more complicated workhouse, and we cannot blame them, for is not this sort of dual life, changing our period as may be required, just the existence we long for, of course without the undesirable extremes? As a general rule, the Neopagan's faith is a fine weather one. In his quality of would-be heathen he may be depended upon for being as dormant as a dormouse so long as the winter lasts. But when the sweet summer comes, when "Each Morn a thousand Roses brings," when the gladness of renewed Nature contrasts too painfully with the sad gloom of the City and the street, the long forgotten faith resumes its sway.

From time to time we meet in the newspaper the ingenious advertisement of people offering to exchange houses for the season, acting on the supposition that country people are just as anxious to come to town as we are to leave it. In this they are

justified by the Arcadians who in their time already wanted a change. Pan himself has come to town;—so say they who believe that his hoofs and horns have identified him with the Devil from the earliest ages of Christianity, and that in this new incarnation he is not by any means so pastoral as he was before. But some of us know better. When we have exchanged houses with a comfortable farmer anxious to see town life, we soon find that Great Pan is not dead! He still haunts the glades of the forest, waiting for us; and we shall hear him, playing on his strangely moving, soul-stirring reeds, when we sit beside the stream, listening to the rustle of the sedges. We shall not see him; the Spirits of Nature were never visible; but when in after years we are sometimes haunted by the recollection of a certain hour in a silent, breathless summer's night when glow-worms faintly shone in the grass after the heat of the day, and the trees, dark and motionless, stood outlined against the last red afterglow of the sunset; or when we remember some early morning hour, bright and dewy, when the level sunrays turned the water of the weir into a sheet of silver and the swallows skimmed the surface with a cry like the whistling of a bullet, the only sound in the wonderful stillness of the newborn day,—then we may know that those were the hours when all unperceived the god was very near to us. Nature worship was once the religion of mankind, and it was the finest and mostly deeply felt creed of ancient days. After thousands of years it has not been eradicated from our breasts, and many of us are still pagans at heart.

Permanent dwellers in Arcady receive no such impressions. Familiarity has blunted their perceptions, and it is therefore well that year after year we must reluctantly return to the busy

haunts of our daily life and toil. But how reluctantly, who can tell? In melancholy mood we revisit for the last time all our favorite spots; late at night, before beginning the hateful packing, we take a last turn through the silent lanes and leaning on a stile we wait for the moon to peep over the distant hills.

Yon rising moon that looks for us again—
How oft hereafter will she wax and wane,
How oft hereafter rising look for us
Through this same garden—and for one in vain!

It does not seem possible to us that our farmer, in his moments of disgust with his life, ever had the slightest wish to meet Pan in the sylvan glades which he, the farmer, knows so well and in which he takes so little interest beyond calculating the material advantage they offer in the shape of firewood for the winter. In the way of a thorough change, he prefers to meet King Edward and his Court in the Mall, to see from afar the millionaire scattering his millions as the farmer sows his grain; to worship Plutus, with mouth wide open, in Park Lane and in Piccadilly. Then he too receives impressions, and the human stream of the mighty Metropolis is a revelation to him. Blankly he gazes after youth and beauty dashing past in light victorias, wonders at top-heavy omnibuses swaying dangerously, loaded like his own hay-wains, at broughams with old dowagers and old beaux; admires the swells from the clubs, notices the hawkers and policemen—a thick throng of humanity living its life under high pressure. The very cripples move faster than in the country; no one, not even they, can rest for a moment here. Like a swarm of midges in the sunshine, the movement is incessant; stayed only by falling night, it is renewed again the next

morning; and also like the midges, not all are the same that danced yesterday—in a few years none the same, quite a new swarm in fact. How many brilliant swarms have there been since George the Third was king? Judging from his preconceived ideas, all this effervescence means pleasure and happiness. Back in the country, his daughters cannot think of the scene without a melting of the heart and a longing. Very singular all this, for if you stand aside and examine the faces of the crowd, this happiness is by no means manifest, expect perhaps in the case of youth, which is happy everywhere. The sensation of being one of a crowd, of sharing the amusement of a crowd, is satisfying to some and counts for superficial happiness. Midges dance in crowds, as the farmer well knows.

The distinction between town and country, between natural and artificial life is of course, as we all know, a very arbitrary one. The highly complicated and seemingly artificial life which we now lead is an absolutely natural condition of existence, as natural as the life of a colony of beavers in one of their dams on a Canadian river, or of a nation of ants at work in the garden. Evolution directs the forces of nature in the building of the beavers' houses, in the construction of birds' nests and in the building of the king's palaces. There is no natural difference between a leaf carried by a murmuring stream over transparent depths full of sunshine, under dark tunnels of overhanging foliage, and a human waif whirling in a human stream over muddy pavements. As the great ocean itself is but a single drop in the immensity of creation, so London, over-grown as it is, is but as an ants' nest in the surrounding country.

But all conditions of cosmic life in progress of evolution are not equally pleasant or desirable, as we can see

by considering the subject for a moment in an aspect which would have commended itself to the Tent-maker aforesaid and quoted, by following for the purposes of our argument a bunch of grapes in its predestined progress, from the time when it hangs basking in the Provençal sun, fanned by the breeze on the pleasant hillside, until it sparkles as a delicate wine in a dainty tapering Venetian goblet. Both the beginning and the end of its career are, in their way, delightful,—but the intermediate processes are by no means so pleasant. If matter as such could be endowed with consciousness, the juice of the grape would object to its existence during the process of fermentation. But dark, noisome and objectionable as it is, what is it but matter in a state of transformation, and what else is man at any time? Our noisy, bustling city life may be no more than a necessary transition state between Arcady and the Millennium. If we compare the hurrying, breathless turmoil of life at high pressure in a great city to the fermentation of the wine, we may understand the desire to enjoy once more the delightful rest of the grape on the fragrant southern hill, but is it not better to look forward to a better time coming, since return is impossible; to wait patiently,—not for the Millennium, that is too much to ask—but to a time perhaps a little nearer, when mortal existence may be a little more like sparkling wine in a dainty goblet than it is at present?

How impossible it is to retrace our steps and to enjoy once more the simple delights of a primitive and innocent existence is clearly indicated in the well-known lines which every would-be Arcadian or Neo-Pagan should learn by heart:

It is a good and soothfast saw
Half-roasted never will be raw.

And having tasted stolen honey
You can't buy innocence for money.

Although everything having the appearance of poetry, anything in fact that rhymes, must for the reason already stated be received with a certain mental reservation, it is difficult to dispute the value of lines which state an unpleasant truth with such refreshing candor and directness, not at all usual in metrical effusions. We may object to the term "half-roasted" as dimly offensive when applied to us mortals, but we readily grant the loss of innocence, an inconvenient quality in the twentieth century, which we are not anxious to buy in such large quantities as the poet seems to think. In these times of financial, mental and moral thimble-rigging we must not be too innocent. Even the first and only original Arcadians, Adam and Eve to wit, would not have lost an earthly paradise for good and all if they had been just a little less innocent and a trifle more suspicious.

It is not our purpose to discuss the moral and ethical conditions belonging to an original or a partly reconstructed Arcady; life would not be long enough if we wanted to obtain a clear and comprehensive view of all our hopes and longings reduced to a picture as clear in every detail as a camera obscura image. Distance lends enchantment to our views of Arcady, as we have seen; without some mental confusion and a convenient blurring of the distant horizon we could not bear existence at all, for as a useful paradox we may say that the more we understand a thing the less we want it. The straightforward sentiment of the soothfast saw we have just quoted brings out the difficulty of this part of the subject clearly enough, for it is, as has been said of the French novel, true enough, but *inconvenient*. Innocence is

a useful word to juggle with because, like a juggler's apparatus, it has a double meaning. In its moral sense, as we understand it now, the primitive Arcadians enjoyed a singular license and a much greater freedom; they must have depended on stolen honey, in the figurative as well as in the actual sense, to a far greater extent than would be allowed to their would-be imitators, though in their simplicity of mind, which is the other meaning of the word, they may have fallen easily duped victims to all sorts of confidence tricks. Our minds are now, we will not say clearer, but more complicated, and our sensations are more difficult to define and to satisfy. Not even for a few weeks could we enjoy the simple delights of country life if a sufficient knowledge of evil and its consequences did not supply us with the necessary contrast and restraint. The conditional innocence which commends itself for a short holiday is the easy-going, happy-go-lucky morality of the *Rubaiyat*, which enabled Omar to enjoy life though quite aware of all the perplexing doubts and contradictions which surrounded him:

Waste not your Hour, nor in the vain
pursuit
Of This and That endeavor and dispute;
Better be jocund with the fruitful
Grape
Than sadden after none, or bitter,
Fruit.

The Poet-Astronomer was not innocent, nor should we call him exactly moral nowadays, but he was wise, with that surpassing wisdom which knows its own limitations and understands the usefulness and value of a shrug of the shoulders.

We try to imitate this philosophic frame of mind when we leave Arcady at the end of our holiday, after a brief peep at what we have lost. When

we seem to leave brightness, happiness and sweet simplicity behind, we tell ourselves that we do no such thing, that nature can be worshipped everywhere, and try to believe it until we are brought face to face with some grim realities. When the train steams into the dreary, black and noisy terminus, and the rickety four-wheeler shakes us as it takes us to our door through endless vistas of smoky brick and mortar, we think with dread of the pile of letters, bills, perhaps summonses and judgments waiting for us on the dusty writing-table. When the farmer comes home again in his gig from the nearest station, to his thatched farm near the wood and the weir, he . . . well, he too will probably find papers, tax-collectors' notices, bills and summonses which we have kindly taken in for him while we lived in his house;—the King's writ runs in Arcady nowadays, a modern drawback not to be lightly dismissed in these days of agricultural depression. It is not stated in history whether the Arcadians were in the habit of grumbling as much as our farmers do. Probably they did, for an unscientific system of piping and dancing was not the best way to ensure a bumper crop. The happy dancers who afterwards enlisted were no doubt evicted, having danced on the edge of the volcano of bankruptcy until the evil day could no longer be put off. There were cities in Arcadia too,—Megalopolis must have been a fair-sized city to judge by the name, and farms for a holiday must often have been cheap for the renting by Megalopolitans who wanted their turn to commune with Pan and Sweet Echo in the glades.

Using the present as an object lesson of what the past must have been, we see how shockingly we have been deceived by the poets who would make life one long holiday, forgetting that the man who wants to be happy for

more than a few weeks in each year is bound to be disappointed. Arcadia has been shamefully puffed; it never was and never could have been as advertised; it was never suitable for an all-the-year-round residence, but if the farmer has not been evicted by next year, and he wishes to see the

Macmillan's Magazine.

millionaires of Park Lane again, we shall be glad enough to exchange houses with him once more; and the moon, peeping over the distant hills, hereafter rising to look for us, may perchance see us by the weir near the wood again!

Marcus Reed.

NEW EDITIONS OF CHARLES LAMB.

Nearly forty years ago the late Mr. J. E. Babson pieced together under the title of *Eliana* what he described as the "hitherto uncollected writings of Charles Lamb," among which he included a number of short essays and sketches which had made their first, and, until Mr. Babson's pious labor, their only, appearance in the *Athenaeum*, the *London Magazine*, the *New Monthly Magazine*, and other journals. Mr. Babson printed on his title-page the old proverb, "The King's chaff is as good as other people's corn," which, like most proverbs, raises a highly controversial question. Is it to pay honor or dishonor to a great artist in words to collect after he is dead, from all quarters, every effusion of his wit, however unequal, every sprout of his fancy, however unhappy in conception, and print them side by side with the productions that have made his name famous in literature? Two questions may be asked upon this. What would have been the author's wishes; and what are our own? The author's wishes, in the absence of express declarations, must be conjectural, and even if he has expressed a wish, circumstances, we all know, alter cases, and it can always be asserted, and never authoritatively denied, that could he know those altered circumstances he would change his mind.

Besides, how far and how long is this deference to the dead to go and to endure? Were a play by Euripides to re-appear, it would be published by scholars without demur, however inferior to the *Hecuba*. As for our own wishes, *Quot homines, tot sententiae*. The fondness of some people for an author takes the turn of loving to read everything he ever wrote, not only the good, but the bad and the indifferent, the argument being, "I want to judge for myself." Why am I to be confined to the *Pilgrim's Progress* of Bunyan, or to the *Saint's Everlasting Rest* of Baxter, or to the *Crusoe* of De Foe, or to the *Opium Eater* and the *Autobiographical Sketches* of De Quincey? I want all Baxter, all Bunyan, all De Foe, all De Quincey. So some book-lovers cry aloud, but others have no such voracious appetites, and view with dismay and a sense of shrinking

as from the soldiery, a nun,

the dragging into the light of all the inferior work of an author hitherto only known to them as the producer of masterpieces. To read *A Vision of Horns* after *Barbara S.* can give no man pleasure.

The subject is one on which I have no settled convictions, but I own to the belief that there is such a thing as "over editing." The professional zeal

of the modern editor, his slavish devotion to what after all is a parasitical task, his passion for little scraps of unpublished matter, do not greatly arride me, to use an Elian word. After all, whoever has on his book-shelves the *Essays and Last Essays of Elia* and the contents, in whatever form, of the two volumes first published in 1818, and an edition of the *Letters*, has within his reach all that is necessary to enable him to do the only thing that really matters, that is, participate in the joy of Charles Lamb.

This, however, is an age of energetic and highly competitive publishers, of zealous and painstaking editors, and of eager and businesslike collectors. It is no use telling these active people that it is as certain as rates and taxes that no efforts on their parts will add to the literary reputation of Charles Lamb, and that it is a matter of no moment whether his review of *Godwin's Life of Chaucer* is ever discovered or not; they will steadily go on their own way. And why should they not? Nobody now can either make or mar Charles Lamb, and the more editions there are of his delightful writings the better for the consumer of good things.

Two fine new editions of Lamb are now in course of publication.

Mr. E. V. Lucas has published, through Methuen and Co.,¹ the first volume of an edition of the works of Charles and Mary Lamb which, when completed in seven volumes, bids fair to be the completest on record. Mr. Lucas has well-known qualifications for his task, whilst publishers, paper-makers, printers, and binders have done their very best to make the casket and casing worthy of the beloved author whose genius and character are there enshrined. When the edition is complete it will make a goodly show

and put Elia's famous ragged veterans to the blush.

In this first volume, eighteen pieces "undoubtedly Lamb's," appear, for the first time in any edition of his works, and are here also for the first time "publicly identified" as his. In the list of contents these eighteen reclaimed pieces are most conveniently marked with a double asterisk. It will not be pretended that this editorial treasure-trove enhances the value of Charles Lamb. We could have done very well without them, but their presence does no harm. In some of them the reader of Lamb's letters will recognize sentences with which he is already familiar, and when he does this he will usually think the language of the letter happier than that of the reprinted article. One of the most interesting of these newly captured essays is on the writings of Sir Thomas More. It consists chiefly of extracts, but admirably exemplifies both the extent of Lamb's reading and the sweet catholicity of his temper.

In the appendix to this volume are to be found a handful of essays and notes which the editor *thinks* are Lamb's, and 150 pages of Mr. Lucas's own notes on the contents of the volume. These latter notes are admirable, and make none the less agreeable reading because occasionally they reveal ignorance of some minute detail which is known to the reader. A really omniscient editor would be unbearable. In his preface Mr. Lucas adumbrates the future appearance of an editor of Charles Lamb whose business it shall be to probe deeply into every sentence of his author, and make it deliver up, as will the sea its dead, all its hidden allusions and borrowed or suggested phrases. For such an editor I, at least, can wait with exemplary patience.

In addition to the seven volumes of this edition, Mr. Lucas is now engaged

¹ The Works of Charles and Mary Lamb. Edited by E. V. Lucas 7s. 6d. each. London: Methuen and Co.

in preparing a life of "the late Elia" in two volumes. No honors are too great for Charles Lamb; and the happy man who survives to have these nine volumes in his homestead will need nothing but Messrs. Newnes's edition of the works of Charles Lamb in one volume to slip in his pocket when he goes a journeying to be as completely equipped in this matter as anyone need wish to be.

Mr. Lucas has a rival in the field in the person of Mr. William Macdonald, who is seeing through the press for J. M. Dent and Co. an edition of Lamb,³ which, when completed, will be in twelve most companionable volumes. A remarkable feature of this edition is that the first two volumes of it, at any rate, the *Essays* and the *Last Essays of Elia*, which are already published, are plentifully illustrated by Mr. Brock. These illustrations are often delightful; old Ravenscroft, for example, in *Barbara S.* is to the very life, whilst the two shadowy figures standing by Lamb's knee movingly picture for us *Dream Children*. There are those who do not care for an illustrated Lamb, and who are only teased by pictures when reading, but let not these fidgety souls lightly discard Mr. Brock's admirable humors. Cut the illustrations out and paste them in an Elia album, and then when you are not reading the essays you can be looking at the pictures.

Mr. Macdonald has one very editorial trait: he does not think over-well of his predecessors—of the other editors of Lamb. This is a pleasant humor to exhibit in a magazine article, but whether anybody who wants to read Lamb three times a week for the rest of his life will care always to be confronted with Mr. Macdonald's "general preface" dealing with the peculiarities and peccadilloes, real or supposed, of

other editors of whom, perhaps, the reader has never heard, is doubtful.

As an editor Mr. Macdonald is careful and serious. He has evidently pondered deeply over Lamb, and in his memoir, which occupies eighty pages of the volume containing the *Last Essays of Elia*, he discusses the "inwardness" of his author quite eagerly. All readers of Lamb will heartily agree with the following remarks:

In the correspondence (from 1797-1807) with Coleridge, Southey, Lloyd, Wordsworth, Manning, Hazlitt, Godwin, and others, Lamb not only looked down many vistas of personality, and was a sharer, by sympathy, in many perceptions and adjustments of the mind that were not primarily his own, but also in the course of it he first struck the rich veins of his own thought and humor, and became expert, almost unaware, in the use of faculties which but for this would never have been developed in such variety or been so integrated as they were in a single character; a character full of diversity, indeed, yet always centrally true to itself. Here he not only gathered confidence in relation to the world, but by many casual venturings of thought and advices given, and galeties and extravagances even, found himself as a man of letters nearly a generation before his greater literary career began.

As an annotator Mr. Macdonald is somewhat copious. On the passage in the essay on "Detached Thoughts" which refers to Malone's whitewashing of Shakespeare's bust, his comment is as follows:

This instructive atrocity, an everlasting example, and a warning of the essential impertinence and silliness of what is called *taste*, unless it is held lightly as a silly thing by those who have it, as the momentary complexion that is cast upon their minds by the shadow of their time, not an eternal principle to be projected backwards

³ The Works of Charles Lamb. Edited by William Macdonald. In 12 vols. Vols I. and II.

Illustrated by C. E. Brock. 3s. 6d. net each, London: J. M. Dent.

and forwards into history, nor made a law to judge humanity by in their own day—this infernal act of Malone and Company was perpetrated in 1793, the year following the September massacres.

Assuming the importance of the date of the whitewashing, it will, I think, be admitted that a sentence like the above is not what you expect "to come bolt upon" whilst reading an essay of *Ella*. However, it is in small type, and at the end of the book, and you do not, therefore, come bolt upon it whilst reading the "Detached Thoughts"; consequently it matters

The Speaker.

little. "Notes," says Mr. Macdonald in a note, "are a great evil at the best, and if readers were wise they would see that they lose more than they gain by them." An unnecessary note, or even an unnecessary word in a note, is a great evil, but a purely informing or strictly explanatory note is an assistance which may gladly be accepted even when reading things of such delicate and exquisitely manipulated structure as the *Essays of Ella*. So long as all notes, save the author's own, are clapped in an appendix, it is your own fault if you read them. But Notes on Notes are intolerable.

Augustine Birrell.

A GREAT MYSTIC.

Anything approaching true mysticism is not common in English literature; indeed to the ordinary Englishman the word savors of something occult and almost unholy, as though it implied an invocation to draw fools into a circle. The form and spirit of the mysticism of the East is largely unknown to the West; even the mystics who bear the terrible and beautiful name of Saint, are accepted with that vagueness which demands no inner appreciation of the soul. Yet, from time to time, there appears a western writer who is a true interpreter of mysticism—such a writer, for instance, as Mr. Edward Hutton. In a sense, of course, all great poetry has mysticism in its very essence and fibre; it is the expression of the passion of the spirit of man. Symbolism in all its forms—and these forms are sometimes neurotic and foolish enough—is an attempt to break through the things which are visible and temporal, to the heart of the things which are unseen and eternal. And this desire

to attach the apparently finite to the infinite does not necessarily carry with it any discontent with the visible world; in its highest development, the desire is co-existent with the most exalted delight in the beauty and glamor which are, as it were, the souls of flowers and winds and clouds and waters, and the immortal beauty of the mortal human form.

The East was and is the home of mysticism, the home of ideas that never change and ideals that seem beyond corruption. The difficulty is to transpose those ideas and ideals into another tongue, to transplant without losing or vitiating the scent of the blossom. Successful translations from the innumerable horde of Persian poets are rare—so rare that most people think only of Omar and FitzGerald. Yet from time to time attempts are made, generally very modest attempts, and these, so long as they be sincere, we are always glad to welcome. Such an attempt has been made by Prof. William Hastie, of the University of

Glasgow. In a little volume recently published, Prof. Hastie has rendered into English verse, "The Festival of Spring," from the *Díván* of Jeláled-dín (MacLehose). Jeláled-dín, says his latest translator, is now recognized as the greatest of the Persian mystical poets; he expressed more fully than any other the essence of Oriental mysticism, the doctrine of All in One, that belief in the final unity of all being which is the inevitable result of a pure and dependent faith. He was, as von Hammer said, the most perfect singer of the Sufi, "who on the wings of the highest religious enthusiasm

... rising above all the outward forms of positive Religions, adores the Eternal Being, in the completest abstraction from all that is sensuous and earthly, as the purest Source of Eternal Light." The enthusiasm of von Hammer, whom Prof. Hastie takes for undisputed guide, ran to rather meaningless hyperbole, as when he added: "Mevlânâ Jeláled-dín thus soars, not only like other Lyrical Poets, such as Hafiz, over Suns and Moons, but even above Space and Time, above the world of Creation and Fate, above the Original Contract of Predestination, and beyond the Last Judgment into the Infinite, where in Eternal Adoration he melts into One with the Eternal Being, and infinitely loving, becomes One with the Infinite Love—ever forgetting himself and having only the great All in view." That kind of writing makes for mere obscurity.

This spiritual child, then, of the thirteenth century was of that sect of the Sufi's which, as he himself said, "profess eager desire, but with no carnal affection, and circulate the cup, but no material goblet; since all things are spiritual, all is mystery within mystery." How far many of the Sufis departed from their ideal is made apparent by Omar's bitter satire, but Jeláled-dín seems to have held it pure

and undefiled. In the year of his death the young Dante was beginning to catch at divine inspiration, and the age was preparing for the exquisitely austere spirit of a Kempis. It was a time of subtle spiritual movement, both East and West, and we may almost suppose that Jeláled-dín was conscious of the universal thrill. Certainly these verses have a beautiful spiritual faculty, an exalted perception of a desire which is assured of its accomplishment. The writer has no hesitations, no doubts, no enervating sophistries; his appeal is through man and the loveliness of external things to God.

We are not at all convinced that Prof. Hastie has done wisely to adhere so closely to the Persian form; so mechanical a construction does not suit the genius of our language; the continual play upon single rhymes or single words becomes a weariness. As an experiment the method is interesting, but the only safe form of translation is that which adapts the spirit of the original to the new medium. In the case of the quatrain the matter stood differently; there was a form which gave to English verse a new measure and almost a new impulse. Yet, as they stand, Prof. Hastie's renderings are worth careful consideration; even when least poetical they often have delicate suggestion, and nearly always he has seized something of the impulse and exaltation of the original. One of the best examples is "The Soul in All":—

A Mote I in the Sunshine, yet am the
Sun's vast Ball;
I bid the Sun spread Sunlight, and
make the mote be small.
I am the morning splendor; I am the
Evening Breeze;
I am the Leaf's soft Rustle; the Billow's
rise and Fall.
I am the Mast and Rudder, the Steers-
man and the Ship;
I am the Cliff out-jutting, the Reef of
Coral Wall.

I am the Bird Ensnarer, the Bird and
Net as well;
I am both Glass and Image; the Echo
and the Call.
I am the Tree and Branches, and all
the Birds thereon;
I am both Thought and Silence,
Tongues' Speech, and Ocean
Squall.
I am the Flute when piping, and Man's
Soul breathing breath;
I am the sparkling Diamond, and Met-
als that enthrall.
I am the Grape enclustered, the Wine-
press and the Must;
I am the Wine, Cup-bearer, and crys-
tal Goblet tall.
I am the Flame and Butterfly, which
round it circling flits;
I am the Rose and Nightingale, the
Rose's Passioned Thrall.
I am the Cure and Doctor, Disease and
Antidote;
I am the Sweet and Bitter, the Honey
and the Gall.
I am the War and Warrior, the Victor
and the Field;
I am the City peaceful, the Battle and
the Brawl.
I am the Brick and Mortar, the Build-
er and the Plan,
I am the Base and Gable, new House
and ruined Hall.
I am the Stag and Lion, the Lamb and
black-maw'd Wolf;
I am the Keeper of them, who shuts
them in one Stall.
I am the Chain of Beings, the Ring of
circling Worlds;
The Stages of Creation, where'er it rise
or fall.
I am what is and is not; I am—O
Thou who knowst,
Jelâleddin, O tell it—I am the Soul in
All!

That note has been struck by many
Western singers since, notably by
Emerson and Walt Whitman; yet here
it seems to have a certain primal
directness, a certain intuitive passion
of conviction. The same idea is re-
peated by Jelâleddin in a score of
forms; it is always the universality of
man and matter united to and made one
with the universality of the Creator.
Of the "Mystical Union" he cries:—

O Pearl in my Mussel Shell:
O Diamond in my darkest Mine!
My Honey is in Thee dissolved;
O Milk of Life, so mild, so fine!
Our Sweetnesses all blent in Thee
Give Infant Lips their smiles benign.
Thou crushest me to Drops of Rose;
Nor 'neath the Press do I repine.
In Thy sweet Pain is Pain forgot;
For I, Thy rose, had this design.
Thou bad'st me blossom on Thy
Robe,
And mad'st me for all eyes Thy Sign;
And when thou pour'st me on the
World,
It blows in Beauty, all Divine.

Just so thought and wrote not a few
of those who have trodden the bitter
and joyful way of sainthood, and hard-
ly differently have written many poets
who have simply seen the world in
rapt moments of contemplative ec-
stasy. To one with so glad a spirit of
acceptance, with so single a vision, life
is resolved into a song of praise. And
that is the secret of mysticism, even
though the ineffable vision be attained
only after infinite agonies.

It would have been well if Prof.
Hastie had been content to let Jelâleddin
stand alone, but he has unwisely
made his little volume a pretext for
delivering a violent attack on Omar
and FitzGerald. He sees only the
worst in Omar and exaggerates that
beyond all reason; the good he totally
ignores. "Who cares now," he asks,
"for his senile scepticism, his pessimis-
tic whine, his withered cynicism, his
agnostic blindness and despair, his in-
solent misanthropy, his impotent
blasphemies? We know it all too well;
it is only the work of shattered nerves,
a muddled brain, and irreligious self-
dissipation." Here our Doctor of
Divinity is on the war-path with a
vengeance. We have not space to
enter into a defence of Omar, nor, at
this time of day, is any defence at all
necessary. We wish merely to point
out that Prof. Hastie entirely ignores

the tenderness and beauty and humanity of Omar, and that he forsakes criticism for a foolish tirade.

There is fortunately room in literature for both Omar and Jelâleddin, for both Dionysus and Christ. We cannot afford to lose any beauty, any sense of suggestive mystery, any perception of the divine in any form. He who becomes a partisan in literature or in life is in danger of losing the finer elements of appreciation and of narrowing knowledge to barren formulae.

The Academy.

las. Jelâleddin, at least, was no partisan when he wrote:—

I saw the Winter weaving from
Flakes a Robe of Death;
And the Spring found Earth in Mourning,
all naked, lone and bare.
I heard Time's loom a-whirring that
wove the Sun's dim Veil;
I saw a Worm a-weaving in Life-
threads its own Lair.
I saw the Great was Smallest, and saw
the Smallest Great;
For God had set His Likeness on all
the Things that were.

MR. WHISTLER.

The penalty of perpetual youth is premature death, and Mr. Whistler's death, whenever it had occurred, must have seemed premature, for to the generation of artists who came under his spell it was impossible to conceive of Mr. Whistler as an elderly man. When, some years ago, Mr. George Moore found him too old to fight a duel with, we started with amazement, for we had formed the habit of regarding him as young. His attitude of pugnacious antagonism to all that savored of middle age caused the illusion. He seemed to be always inaugurating a revolution, leading intransigent youth against the strongholds of tradition and academic complacency. And all the time, without our noticing it, he was becoming an old man, and now, too soon, he is an Old Master. For, whatever may be thought of his theories, his rankling and sometimes cruel witticisms, whatever may be thought of him as a friend and as an enemy, his work will remain even more interesting to posterity than his interesting and whimsical personality. His work is already seen to have scarcely a trace of that whimsicality

and *gaminerie* with which his own writings invested it when it was new. Himself the most serious of artists, he injured himself by his Quixotic tilt against the dull-witted cunning of the "serious" charlatan. For of all the artists of our time he has stood out most emphatically for artistic probity.

There are certain things which are of the essence of the painter's craft, and whoever neglects these in order to point a moral, or to indulge a craving for cheap sentiment, or to satisfy an idle curiosity, is guilty, however unconsciously, of an imposture. It was these essential qualities of pictorial art that Mr. Whistler insisted on to a generation that demanded bribes to the intelligence and the emotions before it could pocket the insult of pictorial beauty.

This is not to say that other artists of the time have not practised this, the most difficult, as it is the cardinal virtue for a modern artist. But with some of them—Mr. Watts, for instance—it has not been so critical a question, since they have ranged themselves more readily in line with contemporary ideas. But Mr. Whistler's mor-

dant humor turned for him the vague idealism and the sentimental romanticism of his day to utmost ridicule. He found himself singularly alone in his generation, and his pugnacity and his bitterly satiric vein increased his isolation and his consciousness of his own superiority. Irritated at the incapacity of the public to recognize certain truths that were self-evident to him, he refused to persuade them, and took a vicious pleasure in being misunderstood; so that, though severely critical of himself, he missed the boon of sympathetic criticism from outside—of adulation and contempt he had enough and to spare. Thus it came about that, in his hatred of the accursed thing—of the trappings in which art seeks to recommend itself to an in-artistic public—Mr. Whistler threw over much that belongs to the scope of pictorial art, and narrowed unduly his view of its legitimate aims. Along with sentimentality, which he rightly saw was the bane of our age and country, he denounced all sentiment, all expression of mood in art, until he arrived at the astounding theory, enunciated in his "Ten o'Clock," that pictorial art consists in the making of agreeable patterns, without taking account of the meaning for the imagination of the objects represented by them—that, indeed, the recognition of the objects was not part of the game. The forms presented were to have no meaning beyond their pure sensual quality, and each patch of color was to be like a single musical note, by grouping which a symphony, as he himself called it, could be made. The fallacy of the theory lay in its overlooking the vast difference in their effects on the imagination and feelings between groups of meaningless color-patches and rhythmical groups of inarticulate sounds. As a protest it was, or might have been, valuable, since it emphasized that side of art which, when once

realistic representation is attainable, tends to be lost sight of; but as a working theory for an artist of extraordinary gifts it was unfortunate, since it cut away at a blow all those methods of appeal which depend on our complex relations to human beings and nature; it destroyed the humanity of art. What Mr. Whistler could not believe is yet a truth which the history of art impresses, namely, that sight is rendered keener and more discriminating by passionate feeling—that the coldly abstract sensual vision which he inculcated is, in the long run, damaging to the vision itself, while the poetical vision increases the mere power of sight.

Moreover, the painter himself could not act up to his own theories. As Mr. Swinburne pointed out at the time, he infringed them flagrantly by expressing in his portrait of his mother a tenderly filial piety which transcends the facts of an arrangement in black and gray. Still, on the whole, his theory colored his art, and led him to treat his sitters with an almost inhuman detachment. When he was engaged on the portraits of two sisters, in his communications with their parents he never got nearer to recognizing their personalities than was implied in calling one the arrangement in gray and the other the arrangement in white. There was something almost sublime in his inhuman devotion to the purely visible aspect of people, as of a great surgeon who will not allow human pity to obstruct the operations of his craft. To him people and things were but fitting, shadowy shapes in the shifting kaleidoscope of phenomena—shapes which served no other purpose than in happy moments to adjust themselves into a harmonious pattern which he was there to seize.

But, indeed, he reaped to the full the benefit of his detachment, for in an age when the works of man's hands

were becoming daily uglier, less noble, and less dignified in themselves, he found a way to disregard the squalid utilitarianism which they expressed. If to him nothing was in itself noble or distinguished, neither was anything in itself common or unclean. Mean Chelsea slums, ignoble factories by the Thames, the scaffolding and *débris* of riverside activity, all might afford to his alert perception at a given moment the requisite felicitous concatenation of silhouettes and tones. This point of view he shared, of course, with other Impressionists, but what was singular to him, what he scarcely shared even with Manet, to whom he owed so much, was the exquisite tact, the impeccable taste of his selections. To the public at large he appeared at times as an impostor, who would make them accept meaningless scribbles as works of fine art, and from the point of view of mere representation there was much that served no purpose in his work; but from the other point of view no artist was ever more scrupulous in what he rejected, more economical or more certain of the means by which he attained his end. Every form, every tone, every note of color in his pictures, had passed the severest critical test, it could only be there for its perfect and just relation with every other element in the scheme. Nothing was allowed on merely utilitarian or representative grounds. Critical taste rather than creative energy was his supreme gift, and his taste was that of a Greek vase painter or—and he was the first to seize the likeness—that of a Japanese worker in lacquer.

In all this he was the very antithesis of Rossetti, in whom a creative poetic energy controlled and harmonized every faculty; and yet in his early years in London even Whistler came under his spell. A few early drawings and etchings and one or two pictures,

such as "At the Piano" and the "Girl in White," betray something of the Pre-Raphaelite influence; but already they show a preoccupation with the surfaces of things rather than with their inner meaning—already they show that exquisite sense of the beautiful qualities of paint which dominated his art. Indeed, from some points of view these early pictures, with their rich but fluid impasto and vigorously designed silhouettes, were never surpassed. But it was in Japan that Whistler soon learnt to find the most congenial expression of that purely pictorial, that non-plastic view of things which suited his temperament, and under this influence his technique changed so that he learnt to give to oil paint almost the freshness and delicacy of touch of the Japanese water-color on silk. The problem which he set himself, and which he solved most completely in the portrait of Miss Alexander, was how to give the complete relief and the solidity of tone of an oil painting together with this flower-like fragility and spontaneity—to give the sense that this undeniable and complete reality was created, like the blossom on a fan, in a moment, almost at a single stroke. It was a feat of pure virtuosity which only an Oriental could have surpassed, and it meant not only amazing nervous control, but also an untiring analysis of the appearances, a slow and laborious reduction of forms and tones to the irreducible minimum which alone was capable of such expression. In such works he pushed the self-denying art of concealing artifice to its utmost limits, and few can guess at the strenuous labor which underlies these easy productions. They have, too, a flawless and lacquer-like perfection of surface which was an entirely new beauty in oil painting, and which none of his pupils or imitators have understood or approximated to in the least. But such

an acrobatic feat required a perfect functioning of the whole man which could not long be maintained. In his later pictures he lost much of his sense of beautiful quality, and his work suffered the decay which was inevitable to one who was not upheld by any generous imaginative impulse. The negative and critical side of his art ended by killing the source of its own inspiration. It was too much a matter of nerves, too little sustained by spiritual energies from within, which in some men can, by their continued development, supply the place, and more than cover the defects, of failing physical powers.

Still in the achievements of his prime he will, we think, live as a great painter—above all, as a great pro-

The Athenaeum.

test and an amazing exception. A French American he may have been, but England was the home of his finest work, and it was to English seriousness that he preached his gospel of gaiety and indifference. It is for us, rather than for any other people, to do justice to a great man. As we pointed out lately, it is a monstrous injustice that none of his pictures was acquired for the Chantrey Bequest. It is to be hoped that, now that he is dead, even our officials may give to his works a tardy recognition. Merely from the point of view of worldly wisdom, Burlington House should this winter arrange for a representative collection of the works of Whistler the Old Master, to whom as a living man they grudged the barest recognition.

MODERN LIFE AND SEDATIVES.

[COMMUNICATED.]

It is only doctors and those connected with the sale of drugs who know the immense amount of sedatives consumed by the public at the present day. Every man with a large acquaintance numbers among his immediate friends some who take them in one form or another. There are few who do not know ill-advised and enthusiastic individuals who are always insisting on giving every one a dose of the last new specific against headache, or sleeplessness, or some of the various nervous disorders common to our advanced civilization. These drugs are many and various, and are sold under different conditions. Many of them are supplied over the counter without any restrictions as ordinary articles of commerce, amongst which we may mention all the bromides and other drugs which, on the one hand, diminish pain, produce sleep, and de-

crease irritability, and, on the other hand, lessen the vigor of the organism, alter the quality of the blood for the worse, and tend to shorten life. Although the sale of still more potent drugs, or compounds of them, is restricted to registered chemists, there is frequently very little difficulty in procuring those which are generally known as patent medicines and sold under the protection of the Government stamp. This is especially the case with preparations of morphia.

There is only one opinion among members of the medical profession as to the desirability of preventing the public having such free access to powerful drugs. But it is well to recognize that people do not as a rule take any of them merely for the sake of taking them; in other words, the desire for sedatives is a symptom of some disorder. The whole question is

one of vital importance. Modern life is so rapid, town life is so unnatural, the absence of pure air and light has such a depressing influence upon all the vital functions, that there is an amount of mental gloom among vast numbers, and in all classes of society, which has led to a great increase in the death-rate from nervous diseases. And it is these nervous diseases which drive people into dram-drinking and drug-taking. The following tabular statement of the death-rates from various causes during periods of five years from 1861 to 1890 points strongly to this conclusion:—

<i>Annual Death-rates from Various Causes in a Million Persons.</i>						
Disease.	1861-65.	1866-70.	1871-75.	1876-80.	1881-85.	1886-90.
Intemperance	41.6	35.4	37.6	42.2	48.0	50.0
Cancer	367.8	403.8	445.6	495.2	544.6	599.7
Phthisis	2,526.6	2,447.8	2,218.0	2,040.0	1,820.0	1,616.7
Old age	1,352.8	1,275.8	1,206.8	1,072.2	1,006.6	974.0
Nervous system	1,546.0	1,605.2	1,716.0	1,803.6	1,767.6	1,735.3

Although the tables do not cover a long enough period to establish a true disease curve, we notice first that on

the whole deaths from drinking have increased, that cancer, which is a disease probably depending for its hold on the human organism almost entirely on depressed vital conditions, is very rapidly increasing, and that nervous diseases are much more numerous. It is curious to note that in 1876-80 they were at their maximum owing to the abnormal and long-continued depression in the commerce of the country. These years were a time of exceptional strain on many classes of society.

It is within the bounds of possibility that we might judge the state of trade by the sale of sedatives. Old age, too, in these tables steadily decreases as a cause of death. That phthisis also decreases is probably due to the fact that it is better understood now than formerly, to say nothing of the general truth that diseases all tend to reach a maximum and then decline. For they have their day, like theories and governments. However, the deaths here classified as occurring from nervous lesions represent only a fraction of the amount of suffering due to states of nerves which are functional rather than organic. Yet scarcely a year passes without our finding a new group of symptoms which is soon dignified with a special name. But it is not in these clinical curiosities that we must seek the trouble of the times. That lies in the little worries, the small pains, the general mental disturbance, of whole classes. There is a lack of care, a want of peace, an impossibility of rest, that effectually prevent the easy working of the body which we know as health. A stomach full of undigested food will change the mental perspective of a man's life. A fit of worry may, and will, retard the digestive functions. How much truth is there in the following extract from the Life of Sydney Smith:—

Happiness is not impossible without health, but it is of only difficult attainment. I do not mean by health merely an absence of dangerous complaints, but that the body should be in perfect tune, full of vigor and alacrity. The longer I live, the more I am convinced that the apothecary is of more importance than Seneca, and that half the unhappiness of the world proceeds from little stoppages, from a duct choked up from food pressing in the wrong place, from a vexed duodenum, or an agitated pylorus. The deception as practised upon human creatures is curious and entertaining. My friend sups late, he eats some strong soup, then a lobster, then some tart, and he dilutes these excellent varieties with wine. The next day I call upon him. He is going to sell his house in London, and to retire into the country. He is alarmed for his eldest daughter's health. His expenses are heavily increasing, and nothing but a timely retreat can save him from ruin. All this is lobster, and when over-excited Nature has had time to manage this testaceous encumbrance, the daughter recovers, the finances are in good order, and every rural idea effectually excluded from the mind. In the same manner old friendships are destroyed by toasted cheese, and hard salted meat has led to suicide. Unpleasant feelings of the body produce corresponding sensations in the mind, and a great scene of wretchedness is sketched by a morsel of indigestible or misguided food.

The witty Canon in this extract has touched a deep truth in showing how much the mental state is shadowed by the physical condition. The danger lies in the fact that a man may get into this condition of gloom over and over again. This is the time when an alcoholic or drug habit creeps into a man's life. He wishes to hide his depression, to smother it to himself.

The following extract from a letter written by Dr. Arnold will explain how much he recognized the association of mind and body:—

I am a little disturbed by what you tell me of your health, and can easily understand that it makes you look less cheerfully upon all things. Besides, all great changes are solemn things when we think of them, and have naturally their grave side as well as their merely happy one. This is in itself only wholesome, but the grave side may be unduly darkened if we who look at it are out of tune.

When this pessimistic feeling comes over a man the only way out of it is for the sufferer to turn what energy he may have into healthy channels, such as sport or exercise. Instead of which he veils himself with alcohol, opium, and other sedatives, and behind this veil he does undoubtedly obtain calm and rest, though at an enormous sacrifice of possible health and life and happiness. For it is well to notice that among the drugs of the amateur domestic pharmacopoeia alcohol stands first, and that outside of the home the public-house is nothing but a drug-shop to the vast majority who use it.

We find those who become slaves to alcohol and opium at the apex and at the base of the intellectual triangle. To discover examples of absolute abdication of all will-power in resisting the domination of these drugs we have to look at these two classes. The action of alcohol is thought by the laity to be stimulating or strength-giving; it is a sedative and not a stimulant, and it is amongst those whose central activity is exceptional, whose thoughts are often poured out with such startling originality and profusion, that we find indulgence in alcoholic excess. They wish to put a brake on the mental wheel. When we look at the lowest classes, those at the base of the intellectual triangle, what do we find? We have a group of human beings whose lives are spent in environments well-nigh stifling to the development of happiness, with the result that they

drift into a state of insensible ill-health and inevitable depression which drives them to seek comparative oblivion in the effect of alcohol or other sedatives. In this fact we may find the remedy for those forms of intemperance which, after all, are nothing but one of the varieties of drug-taking. In one instance we find mental, in the other physical, misery. To cure any disease we must take away the cause. If the indulgence in sedatives is established into a habit, we are in the secondary stage of degeneration, when retreat or cure is more difficult. With those who have either peculiar physical idiosyncrasies or hereditary tendencies, and who submit to alcoholic or drug domination, it is useless to look for a cure unless it is rendered impossible for the patient to procure his favorite poison.

In this light of varying idiosyncrasy it is curious to notice the fashion in drugs. At one time we have opium, then choral, chloroform, sulphonal, cocaine, and what not, and the wave runs through the whole neurotic class, the majority of whom are strong enough, or not diseased enough, to submit to be ruled entirely by their last fashionable draught or powder. But as each wave passes over some are left drowned in it. Out of every hundred taking morphia, a certain percentage stick to it until it kills them, whilst a few—a very few—conquer the habit. If we find so much to fret and worry the nervous system of the stronger half of humanity, how much

more must the airless, sunless modern life shatter the sensitive and more vulnerable nerves of women and children, and how much more intense must be the craving for some drug or drink which will lull and veil their over-sensitiveness. We feel confident that men and women slide into a drink or drug habit more through ignorance than vice. The comfort is so real, so easily obtained, by taking sedatives that human beings will lull pain, produce sleep, and obtain forgetfulness at almost any cost. We can only point out to such the certainty that such indulgence must and will assuredly shorten life. These poor creatures will often say: "I know the danger, but I can trust myself." This is exactly what they cannot do. The pernicious sedative eats away the resisting power of the will with as much certainty as rust will destroy a bar of iron. It is Utopian to hope or believe that the strain of life will grow less; the attempt to annihilate time and space must mean more pressure upon the individual, and more pressure means fatigue, and fatigue means irritability and debility; and poor human nature grasps at anything that will give it ease and comfort. There may not be, and we believe there is not, so much drinking as was the case some years ago. By drinking we mean drunkenness, but we feel certain that sedatives in their varied form are taken by a great many more people than ever; especially does this remark apply to drugs.

The Spectator.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

It is not generally known that the author of "Musings Without Method" in Blackwood's Magazine is Mr. Charles Whibley.

Dr. William Barry has two works under way for publication this season; one of them is a novel, and the other is a long essay on criticism.

A life of Sidney Lanier is to be added to Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s series of American Men of Letters this fall. It is written by Professor Edward Mims of Trinity College, Durham, N. C.

Mr. Aldrich's volume, which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have in preparation for publication this fall, will be entitled "Ponkapog Papers." Among other essays it will contain Mr. Aldrich's estimate of Robert Herrick as a man and a poet.

Only two books by Mr. Andrew Lang are scheduled for publication this season. One of them is "The Valet's Tragedy and Other Studies" and the other is a Christmas volume, "The Crimson Fairy Book" to be added to the well-known series.

Under the title "Children of the Old Masters" Mrs. Alice Meynell is preparing the text for an art book which will be brought out this autumn, consisting of fifty or sixty pictures of children painted by the old Italian Masters. The Italian sculptors will also be represented.

Dr. Robert Flint's "Agnosticism" (Charles Scribner's Sons) cannot be recommended as easy reading, but it is profitable reading, which is better.

All who are acquainted with the author's treatises upon Theism and Socialism will be prepared to find the present volume closely-reasoned, but lucid and luminous, and they will not be disappointed. Dr. Flint gives Professor Huxley due credit for originating the term "agnosticism" but the thing denoted is of much earlier date, in fact practically equivalent to plain scepticism. Dr. Flint's opening chapter is devoted to an account of the origin of the word, and a consideration of its definitions. Unlike those who contend that the first step in a discussion is to agree upon a definition, Dr. Flint argues that this is precisely the thing which is impossible, since one's definitions are inevitably colored by one's views of the subject discussed. Thus, from a non-agnostic point of view, agnosticism is the theory of knowledge which ends in doubt or disbelief of some or all of the powers of knowing possessed by the human mind. But the agnostic must maintain that the only powers of knowledge which he denies to the mind are powers which it may fancy itself to possess but which it does not really possess. From this consideration of the nature of agnosticism, Dr. Flint proceeds to a critical analysis of it as presented in the writings of its chief exponents, to a study of the differences between complete and partial agnosticism; and to a thoughtful consideration of its bearings upon religious belief and the knowledge of God. Dr. Flint is not in the category of disputants who misstate an antagonist's views in order to demolish them. He is candid, courteous and temperate; and alike ethically and intellectually, his treatment of the subject is stimulating.

GREEN FIELDS IN IRELAND.

The green fields in Ireland are golden
fields to-day:

Och, the miles on miles of buttercups,
the blossom of the May!

I heard the streets of London were
paven all with gold,

But Fortune is a Leprechaun, she'll
slither from your hold.

The green fields in Ireland are sweet
beneath the rain,

My soul would leave my body to see
those fields again;

For here in lonely London the body
hardly knows—

So hard it is to win one's bread—the
color of a rose.

The green fields in Ireland 'tis I would
die to see:

The poor soil, the clay floor, were good
enough for me.

Here, 'mid so many houses, the sky
looks gray and far,

And, dazzled with the lamplight, one
seeks not for a star.

The green fields in Ireland are calling,
calling still:

They haunt me like the echo that leaps
from hill to hill

When from some wanderer's fiddle the
oldest tunes of all

Come out in golden laughter, in silver
sorrow fall.

The green fields in Ireland are pulling
at my heart,

They draw me from the city wherein
I have no part;

I shake from off the limbs of me the
broken links of chain,

For the green fields of Ireland they
draw me home again.

Nora Chesson.

The Sketch.

BLUEBELLS.

Here, on this scanty strip of soil
Unworthy of the farmer's toil,
The shore of yonder sea of heather,
The happy bluebells dance together.
No moment still: they cannot rest,
So much are they with joy possess.

The summer day, the summer night,
Are tremulous with deep delight.
And if a dash of sudden rain
Should seek to mar their mirth, 'tis
vain;

They shake the idle drops away,
And still they glory, and are gay.

Who hears the music they must know
To keep them still rejoicing so?

Blithe little careless bells of blue,
Fain were my heart to dance with you.

Once, in a dream or in a trance,
I heard the strain that bids you dance;

That mystic, magic minstrel blew
For me—for me—a note or two:

Music scarce meet for mortal ear,
Yet, oh, so strange and sweet to hear!

Thenceforward must my heart com-
plain

To hear that uncompleted strain.

That cannot be on earth; it may
In some serene, immortal day.

Oh, human heart insatiate!

Heaven holds the music. Learn to
wait.

A. S. Falconer.

Chambers's Journal.

DIRGE.

How should my lord come home to his
lands?

Alas for my lord, so brown and
strong!

A lean cross in his folded hands,
And a daw to croak him a resting
song.

And in autumn tide when the leaves
fall down,

And wet falls as they fall, drip by
drip,

My lord lies wan that once was so
brown,

And the frost cometh to wither his
lip.

My lord is white as the morning mist,
And his eyes ring'd like the winter
moon;

And I will come as soon as ye list—
O love; is it time? May the time be
soon!

Maurice Hewlett.

